Saturday Review

AUGUST 31, 1957 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

BOREDOM, BRAINSTORMS, AND BOMBS

By Clifton Fadiman

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE: PROPER AND IMPROPER

A Review of Two New Books by Mario Pei

Eduard van Beinum of Amsterdam and Los Angeles. (See RECORDINGS)

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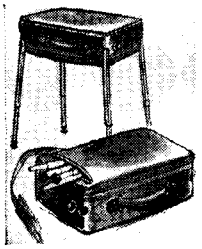

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The Saturday Review

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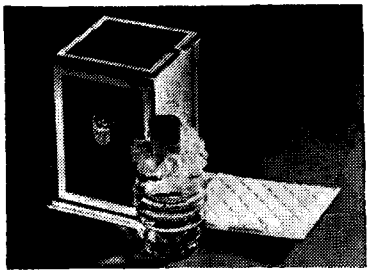

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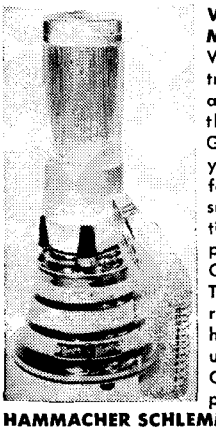

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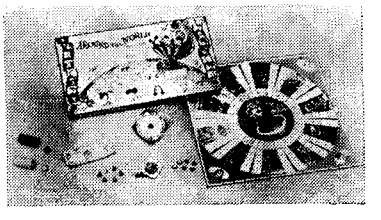

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TRADE Winds

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's* TRADE WINDS *is contributed by Pyke Johnson, Jr., of Doubleday and Company, co-editor with his wife, Lucy Black Johnson, of "Cartoon Treasury."*

LONDON'S *SUNDAY TIMES* recently conducted a poll to ascertain the paper's most popular departments. Apparently ineligible, since it was not mentioned in any discussion of the poll's results, was the weekly advertising column of E. H. Brooks and Son, a London real-estate agent. Yet the advertisements, which also appear each Sunday in the *Observer*, have a loyal following here and in England and have been known to provoke letters of both praise and abuse, even

from people who have no interest in buying or renting a house in England.

The ads are written with a candid insouciance that is continually refreshing. Although many of the British real estate terms will be unfamiliar to American readers, who will also miss some of the political references, the ads have a flavor all their own.

Here, in its entirety, is one that appeared in the early summer:

> £3,990 FREEHOLD. Reduced from £6,000 for quick sale (before it falls down?). Whilst we do not claim that this is the most ramshackle res. (Period—non-basement) in HOLLAND PARK, it is certainly one of the cheapest. A speculator might make a dishonest £1,000 or so—or one might care to live in it. 6/7 rooms plus rms. for new b & k. Dreadful decor; fabric might be O.K. Garden. Space for garage? To view Sun., call 3-8 p.m., 29, Queensdale Road.

And here are some excerpts from other recent ads:

> A large rather handsome Victorian doctor's house, early enough to escape the later vulgarity. . . . In the splendid conservatory where once the aspidistra bloomed, secluded sunbathers can acquire an all-over tan.
>
> Don't expect elegant Period decor; owner had children.
>
> Central Heating maintains that hot-house temperature essential for the proper conditioning of millionaires.
>
> A fine sound PERIOD HOUSE with an air of upper-class shabbiness.
>
> Neighbors make up in respectability what they lack in interest.
>
> HUGE MORTGAGE. BY FASHIONABLE CHISWICK MALL. BLACK LION LODGE . . . A fairly repellent Victorian house outside, but overlooking some jolly nice Georgian ones. The Master's study conveniently leading into Kitchen. Tiny garden with teeny Grotto, even more repellent than the house.
>
> A RATHER SPLENDID MODERN HOUSE, somewhat unEnglish in its inward perfection.

And finally, in an ad offering an unfurnished flat on Great Russell Street, where some of the leading British and American book publishers have their London offices, Brooks remarks of this Bloomsbury neighborhood, "Still an intellectual stronghold, despite encroachment of London University."

MANY AMERICAN readers find the letters columns the most interesting features of British newspapers. The *Observer*, for instance, has been running a discussion of the number of times a cuckoo can call without stopping. A reader from Tilehurst, who reported that he had heard a cuckoo call 121 times in succession, wrote in to ask if this was a record. The following week came a letter from Leamington Spa about a local cuckoo who called 205 times before flying farther away and starting again. This reminds me of the probably apocryphal story about Ed Johnston, amateur ornithologist and professional book salesman in Michigan, who, in a hiking trip in Austria, counted over 300 successive cuckoo calls before discovering he was outside a clock factory.

ONE OF THE best places for a leisurely summer vacation is a college town in those periods around the Fourth of July or Labor Day when the undergraduate population has vanished. For those living in the Northeastern states there is no better spot of this sort than Hanover, New Hampshire, the seat of Dartmouth College.

Situated in the beautiful Connecticut River Valley, just across the river from Vermont, Hanover offers vacationing motorists an excellent base for one-day trips through the two states. One may drive up the Connecticut to Saint Johnsbury, west along the Winooski to Montpelier, and then back through Green Mountain country to White River Junction and Hanover. Another easy day's drive takes one to the White Mountain area around Littleton, New Hampshire, close to Franconia Notch and the Great Stone Face. After you have had your fill of mountains, Lake Sunapee, a less crowded, less commercialized version of Winnepesaukee, is not far to the southeast; and Vermont's Lake Morey is within an hour's drive to the north.

One or two days of any visit to the region should be devoted to Hanover itself. The Baker Library, which is the largest in the nation devoted primarily to undergraduate education, welcomes visitors, and the absence of a regular summer course gives the traveler a chance to study in detail the famed Orozco murals which cover the walls of the Reserve Reading Room in the library's basement.

Persons interested in books will also want to allot plenty of time for browsing in the Dartmouth Bookstore. Here manager Wilbur Goodhue

has recently opened a basement collection of quality paperback books. There are about 900 titles in the collection, more than can be found in most big-city stores, giving the vacationist a chance to fill gaps in his collection of Anchor, Vintage, Mentor, Meridian, and others of the proliferating lines of bookstore-distributed paper books. (*Publishers' Weekly*, incidentally, reports that this September twenty-one publishers will be bringing out 129 new paperbound titles, as compared with eighty-five titles issued by fourteen publishers in September 1956.

There are plenty of good accommodations in the Hanover area, ranging from guest houses and new up-to-date

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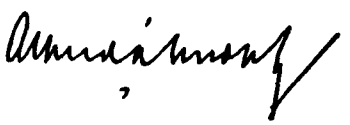

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

motels to the college-owned-and-operated Hanover Inn, situated right on the campus. On my own visit in July, I stayed in Norwich, Vermont, a mile-and-a-half across the river from Hanover. Here the Norwich Inn operates five motel units, offering a happy combination of motel informality and good hotel food.

INCREASINGLY POPULAR among New York book publishers is Rogers Barber Shop on East 51st Street, where the radio is tuned permanently to WQXR, the good music station of *The New York Times*, and where the bootblack occasionally breaks out into an aria. Presumably the shop's owner reasoned that most of his customers would be longhairs.

BOOKS IN THE news around the nation:
Amarillo, Texas: A young man who admitted to 400 burglaries in six months from New England to Amarillo attributed his success to his insight into police methods gained from reading mystery novels.
New York City: On a chilly day in late spring Victor Tigueros sat on a Hudson River pier looking up words in his dictionary. When the book fell into the water he dived in after it. Rescued by police, he was taken to a nearby hospital. The *Daily News* captioned its picture of the event: "Too Cold for Words."
Portland, Oregon: Ed O'Meara, under whose direction the book page of the *Oregon Journal* has become one of the nation's best, spoke for many of his fellow book editors in setting down his policy in selecting books for review. Explaining that his page has room for fewer than ten books a week, he wrote: "It has been our general rule to include only books about which something positive can be said. 'If you can't say something good about the book, then don't say anything' has been the unofficial motto. We can't see any point in telling readers, 'Don't buy this book—it's no good,' when we can be using the same space to say, 'This book has a lot to recommend it—why not buy a copy?'"

—PYKE JOHNSON.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1222)

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Wang Ta felt ashamed to receive money from his father after he graduated. This attitude puzzled his father considerably. In China, it was either the father who supported the son or the son who supported the father, depending on who had the most money.

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The Saturday Review
AUGUST 31, 1957

BOREDOM, BRAINSTORMS, AND BOMBS

By CLIFTON FADIMAN

ONE of the marks identifying a revolutionary period is the speed with which a shocking statement changes to a boring one. It has taken us only about five years not merely to become used to, but to yawn over, the repeated announcement that—barring war, revolution, or economic bust—the age of leisure is at our doorstep. It is all so accepted: the thirty-hour work week is around the corner; the twenty-hour work week is around the next corner; automation is solving the problem of production; Father Time is sitting expectantly on our hands.

There is a certain danger in everybody all at once hearing about something as crucial as the imminence of leisure. This danger was less dire in former days when communication was subject to normal and perhaps advantageous delays. Now there is a tendency to absorb the instantaneously received idea, mentally file it, and proceed to the next message transmitted by the tireless mass-communicators. With so many signals crowding in upon us there is no time, and soon no inclination, to arrange them in order of importance, reflect upon them, and take proper action. Eventually the alert reception of the signal suffices. We delude ourselves into thinking that because we know a thing we have done something about it: our equivalent of the primitive's belief that to name is to control.

Perhaps we might be stirred to more useful action if it were made clear that wholesale leisure is not only an opportunity but a peril. Just because the word leisure has traditionally pleasant connotations we may fail to realize that it presents us with a critical as well as a novel state of affairs. It is like peace. Peace is associated with calm, rest, harmony: it sounds like a passive state. But if we should ever really be pitchforked into a universal peace we would in a daze wake up to the fact that it is a dynamic state, and that the proper use of peace necessitates the calling forth on a vast scale of human energies that have hardly been stimulated, much less tapped.

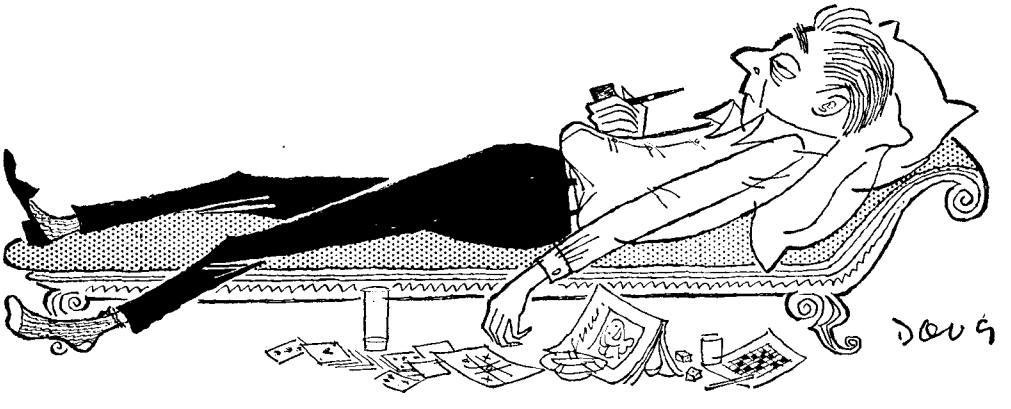
Some of the vastest changes in man's wayward career have swiveled on a shift in the meaning of a word. When we decided that God meant not Many but One we grew into different human beings. It is such shifts that make the dictionary an absorbing historical work, more a story of the life of man than a column of word-correspondences.

Upon an acute understanding of the meaning of the word *leisure* our lives during the next hundred years may well in part depend. For words are not only words. They are motors, often prime motors.

For twenty years I have felt vaguely that *leisure* is a much bigger word than is commonly thought; that it is not necessarily identical with *recreation,* in the sense that playing golf is recreation; that it involves the opposite of rest; and that if mankind ever truly engaged in it he would become a different animal, just as he did after the Fall of Man, when seemingly unto Eternity he forsook leisure, and went to work.

But it was not until I came across an essay by the distinguished philosopher and educator Mortimer J. Adler that I began to understand myself. This essay is called "Labor, Leisure, and Liberal Education" and appeared originally in *The Journal of General Education,* October 1951.

MR. ADLER'S main concern is, first, with the distinction between *labor* and *leisure,* and, second, with the proposition flowing from that distinction: that in an industrial democracy like ours adult liberal education, from which we graduate with our final breath, is to be understood *only* in terms of leisure. By liberal



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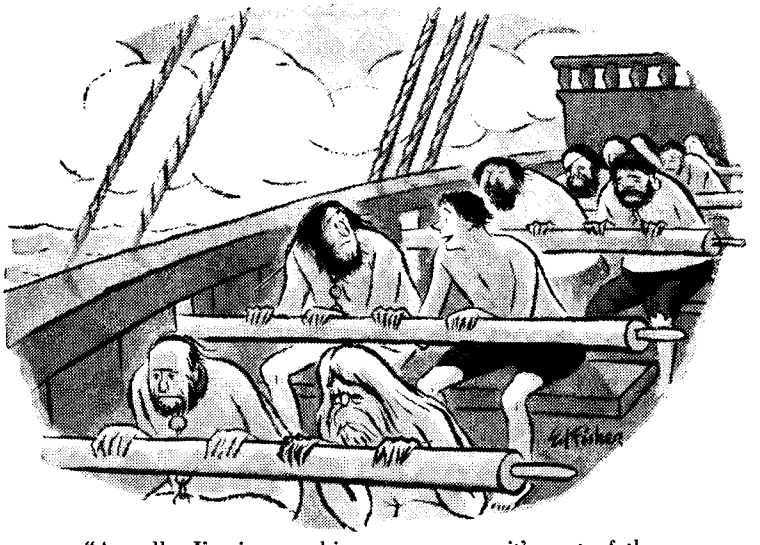

"Actually, I'm just working my passage—it's part of the University of Salamanca Student Exchange Program."

education for free men Mr. Adler means something distinct from "vocational training," which is the education of slaves or workers. (Since Adam's Fall and up to Automation's Rise the human race has been composed mainly of slaves or workers.) Liberal education is a large, high-ceilinged word: it includes physical training, which liberates the body; moral training, producing good moral habits or virtues; and intellectual training, producing the free mind.

To understand the tie between liberal education and leisure we must now ask ourselves what leisure is. It is important for us to come up with the right answer because ours is the first era in which it is possible to ask the question. Up to now most of us have spent our lives in labor, engaged in for purposes of bodily survival or profit, sleep, and other biological necessities, such as elimination, washing, hygienic exercise, nourishment, sexual intercourse (considered as a need rather than an art). The time left is free time or spare time.

Now free time can be used in two ways. One is *play,* which includes all ways of killing time. The other is engagement in leisure activities. Mr. Adler includes among these leisure activities "such things as thinking or learning, reading or writing, conversation or correspondence, love and acts of friendship, political activity, domestic activity, artistic and esthetic activity." I should add creative travel, which is a kind of conversation with what is past or new or alien. These things are engaged in *for their own sakes*—that is why they are not labor. Work is done under compulsion. Leisure activities, however, we engage in freely; they are not "externally compensated."

In redefining leisure Mr. Adler is really going back to its original meaning, which we have obscured by confusing it with amusement or diversion or recreation—all excellent things that have little to do with true leisure. In Greek the word *leisure* is *scole.* Sounds like "school"? Exactly. In ancient Greece the word *scole* had two meanings. Primarily it meant time free from labor. The second meaning tells us what men should *do* with this free time—and, strangely enough, that meant learning and discussing. "School" and *scole* are related.

Now learning or study, says Mr. Adler, is neither play nor work. Play is pleasant but static. No change in the human being flows from it. To engage in it to excess, as children do by nature, is a kind of regression to childhood. Nor is leisure work; work is compulsory, for the sake of leisure.

Thus, briefly, Mr. Adler's argument, which he caps with a demonstration that leisure activities, in this sense, *are the same as virtue.* Only in the one-class leisure society lying in our immediate future does a qualified Utopia become more than a dream. Or, as Mr. Adler puts it in his perspective-opening essay, "The Capitalist Revolution," "The ultimate aim of pure capitalism, beyond the establishment of economic justice, is the enjoyment of leisure for all men in the major portion of their life's time."

FROM the severities of Mr. Adler's logic I should like to rescue only one word, That word is *play,* which (perhaps because he is himself a strenuous mental athlete) he is not inclined to use as an honorific. And yet I should imagine that even he would admit that the notion of mental play is involved in most of the leisure activities he mentions. With this shift in accent my thesis now marches with Mr. Adler's: that an important key to the use of leisure lies in the large-scale production of mental players or —let us take the bull by the horns— of both professional and amateur intellectuals. There lies the paradox: the one country that has gone all out for the production of material goods is now, as a consequence of this same productive genius, forced to go all out for the production of nonmaterial goods. We who have proved magnificently that any number can work are now compelled to prove that any number can play.

I plead for the play of the mind not on the ground that it is pleasant but on the ground that it is necessary. And, if this seems to verge on the puritanical, we might consider that a certain infusion of puritanism was helpful in both the founding and the development of our country. No great pioneering effort is devoid of a tincture of seriousness; and the kind of wholesale, pervasive mental exercise I am talking about is in the exact sense pioneering.

I said it was necessary, and I believe it to be so, unless we are prepared to accept tedium as an integral part of our lives, just as the Russians accept domination as an integral part of theirs. For we are indeed beginning to be afflicted with a new kind of tedium. It may make us quite ill. To prevent or cure it will soon become an urgent necessity.

This twentieth-century tedium is a curious one. It is rather unlike previous tediums. The medieval monk, his soul sunk in *acedia,* was in part suffering from monotony, from a lack of stimulus, from an insufficiency of active control of his environment. Our trouble is the precise contrary. We are suffering from an excess of control, or apparent control, of our environment, and from an excess of stimuli, available everywhere and at all times. The lackluster face of the subway rider reading his newspaper, the vacant look of the moviegoer emerging from his dark cave, the unexpectant countenances of the citizens swarming along Broadway: these are all pictures of a special boredom. Not unhappiness, not fatigue, and certainly not aristocratic ennui; but that odd modern *stunned* look that comes of a surfeit of toys and a deficiency of thoughts.

One of the most interesting ways in which our illness reveals itself is in our passion for motion. Chrysler, for example, has designed a car that will travel 130 miles per hour. This

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will be bought by those who are weary of cars that travel only eighty miles per hour. The appeal is, though lunatic, profound. It strikes deep. Machinery *applies* power; therefore, we reason, it should give *us* power. It does not. We refuse to admit it. We will *force* it to make us feel powerful. And so poor Françoise Sagan smashes her ribs in an imbecile accident because in her sickness she is willing to mistake motion for emotion. The case of James Dean is similar; and it is more than a coincidence that he should be the cult-object of the most profoundly bored generation of youngsters in all history. The current excesses of these miserable children stem in part from the frustration of having the simulacrum of power without the reality. For the unconscious knows that no one is enhanced when he presses a switch, turns a dial, or jams down an accelerator. But the conscious refuses to admit it; one's pride would be hurt.

Motion mania may assume queer forms. The Anglican Bishop of North Queensland recently suggested church-run "antiboredom clinics" to counteract the gambling craze of Australians. Because they are bored they gamble; and gambling is but a way of communicating swift motion to money instead of to one's own body.

The United Nations has discovered another problem on its hands, that of relieving the growing boredom of the world's first international police force. It is meeting it with boxing gloves, radio quartets, and so on—all the paraphernalia of the spiritual vacuum from which the boredom emerges.

The Crusades were stimulated in part by the love of God, in part by the love of loot, in part by the tedium of daily life. So in the future in highly industrialized countries boredom may expand to such proportions that it can release itself only through mass aggression. Wars may be fought less between nations than between rival systems of ennui. The hyperbomb of that day will have lost meaning as a weapon and gained meaning as a complex substitute for Françoise Sagan's "sports" car, as this death device is so playfully named. That being the ultimate logic of the situation, we may contrive to kill boredom and ourselves at one and the same time.

And so we have these two vast and powerful forces, matching each other in the speed of their growth, rushing toward each other to what would appear an unavoidable, head-on collision. Of this potential disaster there exists a general uneasy sense. As yet it has hardly reached the conscious level. Already we feel, and correctly, that the use of the coming leisure, as well as the neutralization of the coming tedium, are somehow connected with a fresh understanding of the idea of play. Being, however, animals first and rational animals second, it is natural enough that at the outset we should associate play with Mr. Adler's conception of the word—that is, with diversion, mass excitement, violent activity, accelerated motion, and the pleasures the large muscles and the epidermis are eager to supply. And so, with a magnificent efficiency translated from our commercial and productive skills, we are mass-producing laughter, entertainment, speed, sport, colored images, loud noises, excitement. For all this there is something to be said: I am not arguing for gray solemnity. But it does not touch the heart of our dilemma. The solution does not lie in the multiplication of external stimuli in the area of pure diversion.

HENCE in a blind, almost instinctive way we seek it in other areas. One of these areas is that of business, in which as a nation we are supremely competent and in which as individuals most of us are supremely interested.

Psychologists use the term *elation* in its generally accepted sense—an emotional state of intense, joyful excitement. But they also frequently give it a special coloration whereby it becomes a distant cousin of mania and is linked to a partial loss of the sense of reality. We have all been struck, I am sure, with the way in which elation, as thus conceived, has entered advertising, that accurate barometer of our unconscious social pressures. The cigarette jingle implores us: "Don't miss the fun of smoking." "It's fun," we are told, "to save at the Federal Savings Bank." "Just luxury and fun while you fly," says one of the larger airlines reassuringly, brightly. And a tooth-paste maker, using pictures of laughing, playing children as illustrations, seeks to persuade us that brushing is fun.

I have no quarrel with the object of these advertisers. They are trying to sell perfectly honest goods and services. I am concerned only to point out the new note of elation that shrills through such advertisements and a thousand like them. For clearly there is something excessive in associating "fun" with sober, habitual actions like brushing one's teeth and filling out deposit slips, something akin to hysteria about the hordes of wildly grinning figures who gesture and scream their manic messages concerning prunes and refrigerators. The disquieting effect on the non-enthusiastic observer proceeds, I think, from a sense that we have here a case of emotional displacement. Seller and buyer are cooperating, to a degree in all innocence, to insert into the world of detergents (Be *Happy* with Didey-Wite!) and chewing gum (Try This *Exciting* New Gum with That Fascinating Artificial Flavor!) the emotions linked to true play. They are trying to climb over the tedium-leisure roadblock by using the ladder of consumption, by forcing the mere tools of daily

(*Continued on page 27*)

—Hans Namuth.

TONES OF TALK: For more than three decades Clifton Fadiman has been writing an average of 100,000 words a year, yet "Any Number Can Play," from which the accompanying article is drawn, is only his second book. It will be released by World on September 5. A sequel to "Party of One," published in 1955, the forthcoming volume continues the critic-columnist's effort to restore to the familiar essay the sense of personality it had when Lamb and Hazlitt were at work. "That," he has conceded, "is not very fashionable. People don't like them because they aren't analytic—giving the final lowdown on everything." Nevertheless, Mr. Fadiman is all for a return to nineteenth-century discursiveness and the intellectual climate of Montaigne, whose motto was "What do I know?" "Self-distrust," he once observed, "can be a very educational thing." Although he has translated books from German and French, been teacher, editor, anthologizer, and *The New Yorker's* literary critic, Mr. Fadiman gained widest recognition as master of ceremonies on "Information Please" and assorted television shows. Currently host for the NBC radio series "Conversation," he makes a concerted effort to convey to the printed page "the tone of talk." Regardless of whether one "considers them nonsense," he wants the reader to feel behind his sentences a genuine voice. "I think," he said, "there are, in a way, only two kinds of writers: the great ones, who can give you truths, and the lesser ones, who can only give you themselves." Acknowledging his lot with the latter, Mr. Fadiman remarked of his new book, "It represents an imperfect attempt to see what my own mind could come up with, if allowed free play; I am not a professional thinker."

—ROCHELLE GIRSON.

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The American Language: Proper and Improper

"A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage," by Bergen Evans and Cornelia Evans *(Random House. 567 pp. $5.95) and* ***"A Dictionary of American-English Usage," by Margaret Nicholson*** *(Oxford University Press. 671 pp. $5) are reviewed by Professor Mario Pei of Columbia University, author of "The Story of English" and "The Story of Language."*

By Mario Pei

A EUROPEAN scholar recently remarked to me that there is a striking parallel between a nation's view of law and the same nation's view of language. The Roman tradition, he claimed, passed on to the nations descended from Rome a legal code which may on occasion be too lax or too severe, but which is fixed and precise. The Anglo-Saxon lands have inherited instead a tradition of "common law," working largely by precedent. "You are not right or wrong, guilty or not guilty in the eyes of the law by reason of fixed standards," he said, "but only by virtue of a series of decisions, often in conflict, made in similar cases across the centuries by judges who themselves relied upon earlier decisions. In like manner, when it comes to language, the Frenchman, Spaniard, or Italian can rely upon a ruling of his language academy and safely pronounce a certain form, spelling, pronunciation, or grammatical construction to be right or wrong. All you people of English speech can do is to refer to a vague, uncertain something known as usage, something that bears to language about the same relation that precedent bears to law."

In language, it was not always thus. The older generation among us still recalls the prescriptive, normative grammars of our youth, by whose dictum something you said or wrote was "right" or "wrong," and this despite the complete absence of an English-language academy throughout our entire history. As a matter of fact, both Margaret Nicholson's "American-English Usage" and Fowler's "Modern English Usage," from which it stems, blissfully combine the term "usage" with the unequivocable adjectives "right" and "wrong." It is perhaps only in the most modern American works, of which Bergen and Cornelia Evans's "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage" is a fair sample, that "usage" triumphs and "right" and "wrong" are all but eliminated. But even the Evanses occasionally speak of "acceptable" and "unacceptable" uses.

By its very nature, "usage" lends itself to a variety of interpretations. In vain do our modern American grammarians seek to circumscribe and limit it by defining it as "the language of the educated people" (who is and who is not educated, in these days when practically every one knows how to read and write, and most young people have gone to high school?), or the "standard language," to which an undefined "substandard" is opposed. How are we to determine "usage"? On one occasion, I was asked to look through a booklet designed to impart some American English to French populations that might come in contact with our armed forces. I found "I laid on the bed" and marked it for revision, but was voted down on the ground that "90 per cent of the G.I.'s say it that way." I shall refrain from using the words "right" and "correct," which the modern school of American grammarians abhors, but does this make *laid* "standard" in the use quoted above?

All this is not being said in a spirit of criticism, but merely to indicate the thorns that strew the path of one who would compose a dictionary of modern Anglo-American or American usage. "Language changes!" says Dr. Evans. True; the trouble is that it changes unevenly. An innovation may be accepted by some of the speakers, not by others. Then the question comes up: "What is standard?" Shall we tolerate every innovation, however irrational or freakish? Shall we accept it only when it has penetrated the upper crust? Shall we regard those who say "I laid on the bed" and "I ain't got none" as ignoramuses? Or, conversely, shall we condemn as hopeless old fogies those who say "Whom did you see?" and "It is I"? Usage is such an elastic yardstick!

Fowler and, by reflection, Miss

—George Cserna.

OF SIBLINGS AND SYNTAX: "Collaboration is nothing new to us," Bergen Evans said last week. Cornelia Evans nodded. It began, in fact, more than forty years ago when the brother and sister, children of the American consul at Sheffield, England, teamed up to write plays and verse for their family's approval. Their most recent collaboration is the "Dictionary of American Usage" which Random House has just published. The idea for this weighty project (134 pounds in manuscript) occurred to Bergen some years ago while he was teaching English (as he still does) at Northwestern University. ("It's an idea," he observed, "that occurs to everyone who has had to plod through English I papers.") He got in touch with Cornelia, who by this time was in Washington working as writing consultant to the Children's Bureau. Over seven years and a thousand miles the brother and sister collaborated, Bergen marshalling the clichés and synonyms, Cornelia attacking the grammar and syntax. Checking conflicts in usage, they asked "booby-trap" questions, and often got surprising results. In "Winstons taste good like a cigarette should," it was the "good" that upset many, while "like" as a conjunction sounded just fine.

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Nicholson display a certain reverence for the traditional. The Evanses are far more uninhibited and, by the same token, far more readable. They have, however, their own pet aversions. Few of the numerous familiar clichés escape their condemnation. Yet, come to think of it, are not clichés part of standard usage? Why avoid them? The very fact that they are "hackneyed" shows that they are very much in use. The doctrine of usage should require that we respect them and employ them to the full.

A complete review of these two highly interesting works would call for another book equal in length to both of them. Here is a sampling of random words and expressions:

according as: Not mentioned by the Evanses; discussed by Fowler and even more thoroughly by Miss Nicholson, who brings in a contrast with *according to.*

ago: Omitted by the Evanses; discussed by Fowler and Miss Nicholson, without reference to the fairly common use of *ago* in the sense of *before* or *previously* ("He told me last Friday that he had seen him five days ago").

ample: Fowler and Miss Nicholson claim that it should be used only with abstract words (we should not say, for instance, "We have ample water for drinking"). The Evanses limit themselves to claiming that *ample* implies more than enough.

ascend up: The Evanses bring out the interesting point that this expression is redundant, even though it appears in the King James Bible. This would seem to knock out one of our main props of authority.

at death's door: Like many other expressions, this is described as a cliché, and the Evanses suggest that we avoid it. Why?

cavalry-calvary: The interchange in this couplet has long disturbed me. The Evanses, too, are troubled by it, but not our other authors.

carry: In the sense of "to take a person somewhere" ("He carried me to the dance") this, too, is a regionalism, appearing in the South. No mention of it is made.

climb up; climb down: these are justified by the Evanses on the ground of popular usage, with literary examples dating back to 1300. Miss Nicholson grudgingly admits *climb down,* despite the purists' claim that it is an absurdity. Fowler ignores both expressions.

continue on: We frequently hear this on the radio. It represents, presumably, a blend of *keep on* and *continue.* No mention.

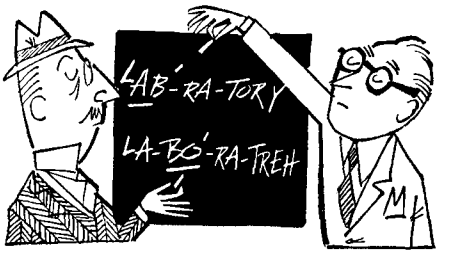
defense: Miss Nicholson alone points to the difference between the British and the American spelling (*defence, defense*).

February: Not a word anywhere about the horrible but widespread pronunciation *Feb'-u-a-ry,* sanctioned by Webster, but as a second choice.

figure: Fowler pronounces any pronunciation but *fig'-er* "pedantic." Miss Nicholson softens the blow to the extent of pointing out that *fig'-ure* is the normal American pronunciation. The Evanses do not concern themselves with pronunciation, but describe as "questionable" (is this a euphemism for "incorrect"?) such typical American usages as "to figure out," "to figure on," and "to figure that."

irregardless: The fact that this is condemned by both the Evanses and Miss Nicholson, but ignored by Fowler, would seem to indicate that this blend of *regardless* and *irrespective* has not yet spread beyond the Atlantic.

laboratory: Fowler prefers *lab'-ra-to-ry* to the common British *la-bo'-ra-to-ry.* Miss Nicholson describes the first pronunciation as American, the second as British.



lousy: No mention is made, even for purposes of condemnation, of this very common slang term, or of its partner *swell.* Is this not ignoring the facts of language?

margarine: Disdained by the Evanses, this word finds Fowler and Miss Nicholson at loggerheads. The former says it was practically unknown to the educated classes before World War II, and therefore left to shift for itself among the ignorant; "but now that we all know the substance, its *g* is coming to its own." The latter says the hard *g* is only occasionally used in Britain, and practically never in the United States.

marital-martial: This couplet goes with *cavalry-calvary,* though the confusion occurs more frequently in writing than in speech. None of our authors mentions it.

susceptible of: Only the Evanses make mention of this expression, which they equate to *susceptible to* (quick reaction to a stimulus). Webster makes a clear distinction between *susceptible of proof* and *susceptible to infection.*

tortuous-torturous: This confusion, not mentioned by Fowler, has evidently not yet broken into the British press. That it has unfortunately infected America is shown by both the Evanses and Miss Nicholson.

The above list will give some idea of what is included in our two most recent dictionaries of American usage, as well as what is excluded from them. These works are both interesting and useful. The Evanses' book is, in addition, good reading, by reason of the straightforward views expressed and the dry sense of humor that seems to pervade the authors. The two dictionaries can hardly be described as complete or exhaustive, and for this the authors cannot justly be blamed. The English language is, to use a brand-new cliché which will undoubtedly incur the wrath of Dr. Evans, a many-splendored thing, with infinite gradations and ramifications. Even the longer Oxford English Dictionary, with its many volumes, is incapable of telling its entire story.

The U. S. mails accommodated their corrections and revisions until the final months when the pair reunited at the Library of Congress. "Actually distance was an advantage," Bergen said. "It eliminated arguments over trivialities." Cornelia nodded her assent.

The Evanses' concern with language is as long-standing as their collaboration. Back in 1909, when seven-year-old Cornelia and five-year-old Bergen moved to England and started attending a village school that "would have appalled Dickens," they quickly learned that their schoolmates' Yorkshire dialect was as far removed from the Oxford English of their parents' friends as the Buckeye English they themselves had learned in their native Franklin, Ohio. Through a speckled career as millhand, seaman, and worker in a road gang, Bergen kept his ear attuned to the dissonant phrase. In recent years, as conductor of radio and TV shows (for which he commutes weekly to New York) he has acquired a mailbag loaded with more than eight million clichés. Cornelia has come by her knowledge of syntax and grammar in the course of a long career as an editor and writer (one of her two novels won a $5,000 *Scribner's* magazine award).

The Evanses may be authoritative but they are not dogmatic. Their new book is not intended as an ark of the covenant but merely a guide to current language usage. "Too many people do not know what they are saying," Cornelia said sadly. Bergen nodded his agreement. —ROLLENE WATERMAN.

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Gentleman from Geneva

"Albert Gallatin: Jeffersonian Financier and Diplomat," by Raymond Walters, Jr. *(Macmillan. 461 pp. $7), is a biography of a Swiss immigrant who made important contributions to American political and social life during the first half of the nineteenth century. Professor Samuel Flagg Bemis of Yale, who reviews it, has won two Pulitzer Prizes, one of them for his book "John Quincy Adams and the Foundations of American Foreign Policy."*

By Samuel Flagg Bemis

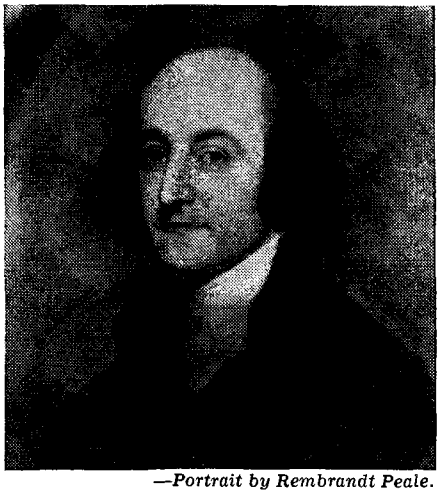
IT is noteworthy in a country so devoted to the writing and reading of biography that two such eminent Americans as John Quincy Adams and Albert Gallatin should have lingered so long for full treatment of their lives and times. In the case of Adams the biographer awaited release of his papers from family impounding; in the case of Gallatin the family papers, long since reposing in the New York Historical Society, awaited their biographer.

Three-quarters of a century ago, Gallatin's descendants commissioned no less a person than young Henry Adams, grandson of John Quincy Adams, to write their ancestor's biography out of this collection of some twenty thousand papers. Three hastily prepared large volumes of published "Writings," accompanied by a single-volume "Life," itself a series of letters and documents held together by a skeleton narrative, reveal too little of the life or personality of this famous American, born and schooled in the Geneva of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire—Europe's first great contribution to American naturalized citizenship. Today it remains the historian's repositary, hard to come by in the book trade and yearly more expensive. A short volume by John Austin Stevens, of family connection, published in the old American Statesman Series at the turn of the century, did not fill the historical bill.

Raymond Walters, Jr., has picked up this wonderful opportunity and has presented us, after years of arduous study both in America and in Europe, with the first picture of Gallatin that approaches full length. Certainly it is one of the most important biographies of the year.

This Swiss immigrant Albert Gallatin (1761-1849), adopted son of the Pennsylvania frontier, Antifederalist opponent of the Constitution, spokesman and moderator of western discontent in the days of the Whiskey Rebellion, conspicuous radical representative in the Pennsylvania legislature, member of Congress when the two great national political parties were crystallizing, took to American politics like a duck to a western lake. Under the banner of Jeffersonian democracy he developed a career as one of America's greatest public servants during a long life at home and abroad.

Gallatin was the only Jeffersonian who comprehended state and national finances and who could stand up to Alexander Hamilton on issues of fiscal policy. As Hamilton furnished the administrative talent and large political advice for President Washington when the new national government of the Constitution was on trial, so Gallatin stood out as the financier and principal administrative counselor of Presidents Jefferson and Madison. As a Jeffersonian in responsible power Gallatin, when Secretary of the Treasury from 1801 to 1814, took over many of the Hamiltonian policies and devices which he had opposed when in opposition—all except the idea that a national debt was a national blessing. Gallatin's prudent, sound, and skillful administration of the United States Treasury sustained the national credit, provided the funds for the Louisiana Purchase, withstood the strains of Embargo days and the War of 1812, and generally kept the country on its Hamiltonian feet and built higher the fiscal scaffolding that was to enable the nation to pay off its debt within twenty years after the war.



—Portrait by Rembrandt Peale.

Albert Gallatin—"awaited a biographer."

As a financier Gallatin was the peer rather than the disciple of Hamilton. It is hard to see what the United States would have done without him in those difficult years. Dr. Walters's study is at its best, perhaps, when it takes us behind the scenes of domestic politics with many an illuminating light into the darker corners of Jeffersonian politics.

Gallatin had already left the home stage when the political issues between Jeffersonian Democracy and Hamiltonian Federalism faded into the National Republican one-party regime. President Madison had appointed him spokesman for the Administration on the commission nominally headed by John Quincy Adams, which negotiated the Peace of Ghent. From then on Gallatin's principal services lay in the field of foreign affairs, as Minister of the United States to France and to Great Britain, and as member of special commissions and arbitral boards. He became America's ace diplomat in the field when John Quincy Adams, succeeding to the Secretaryship of State and Presidency, stood out as America's greatest diplomatist.

In later life Gallatin referred to his early representations in behalf of the Whiskey Rebellion as his one great political mistake. There was another in his maturer years, what Mr. Walters terms "the sorriest episode in Gallatin's public life." Coming back for an "American interlude" from the foreign service in 1823, and out of touch with the drift of American politics, he allowed himself, by now a strong nationalist and anti-slavery man, to be put forward by friends of William H. Crawford of Georgia as candidate for the Vice Presidency in the Presidential contest of 1824. John C. Calhoun easily beat him out for the nomination right in Gallatin's own Pennsylvania, at the Harrisburg state convention. (It is an interesting academic question to speculate on: What would have been the constitutional status of Gallatin, born in Switzerland,

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if he had been elected Vice President and Andrew Jackson had died in the White House?)

Following Jackson's election Gallatin, with slender financial resources of his own after a long public service, hankered after another diplomatic appointment but got none. He rounded out a long life as a New York bank president, elder statesman, and patron of letters. Not exactly a man of letters, his numerous pamphlets on financial and foreign problems always commanded wide public attention, and ethnologists today will give credit to his distinguished study of the American Indians as the pioneer work in that field.

It is difficult to state that any biography is definitive: later treatment of Gallatin may vary in structure, interpretation, texture, tone, or narrative, but I doubt if any will give better insight into the personality of this illustrious American. Dr. Walters brings Gallatin to life and puts him where he belongs: in the galaxy of patriotic public servants who laid the foundations of American nationality in an era of natural-born statesmen.

A WORD might be added to this review, about an important contribution which Dr. Walters makes, in the current number of the *American Historical Review,* showing up the spurious composition of a work edited and published by Count Gallatin (a European descendant) in London and New York in 1914: "A Great Peace Maker: The Diary of James Gallatin." Lord Bryce, then British ambassador to the United States, a historian and student of government venerated on both sides of the Atlantic, presented this book to the English-reading public with a most eulogistic introduction. It purported to be a diary of the boy, James Gallatin, who accompanied his father to the negotiation of peace at Ghent in 1814, closing the War of 1812. Count Gallatin spiced up the alleged diary for the readers of that day with piquant playboy passages and pictures, interlarding it with some authentic documents long since printed. I suspected the reliability of this diary when it mentioned a secret meeting between Gallatin and Lord Castlereagh, British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, behind the back of Gallatin's colleagues at Ghent, at a time when Castlereagh, as proven by his own letters and papers, could not possibly have been at Ghent or anywhere near that place. Dr. Walters's fine job of demolition on this dummy diary is likely to remain a showpiece of historical criticism, but he only refers to it in an overly modest footnote and has not drawn on it in writing the present book.

—*Karsh.*

Bernard Baruch—"I am not overly modest."

Young Midas

"Baruch: My Own Story," by Bernard Baruch *(Holt. 337 pp. $5), is the memoir of the man often described as "the adviser to presidents," most of it concerned with the days in which he concentrated on piling up great wealth. C. Vann Woodward, author of "The Origins of the New South," reviews it.*

By C. Vann Woodward

IN THE HEROIC age of American finance, when the elder Morgans, Rockefellers, and Harrimans were in their prime, a group of Southerners began to make their presence felt on Wall Street. Deservedly or not, they were sometimes called "carpetbaggers in reverse." Among them were Thomas Fortune Ryan of Virginia and James Buchanan Duke of North Carolina. Bernard Mannes Baruch of South Carolina, born in 1870, was a late arrival. He was fourteen years younger than Duke, nineteen younger than Ryan, and more than thirty the junior of Morgan and Rockefeller, but he came to know and have dealings with them all. "Watching them and hearing of their exploits," he writes, "I thought to myself, 'If they can do it, why can't I?' I tried my best to emulate them . . ."

Young Baruch responded in a powerfully compensatory way to two handicaps: being a Southerner and being a Jew. His father came to South Carolina from Germany in 1855, received some training in medicine, and served as a surgeon in the Confederate Army. He married into a good family of the Carolina Jewish community, but he suffered the disasters common to the defeated South. Bernard's first experience with anti-Semitic prejudices came after his family moved to New York in 1881. He later instructed his children to regard such prejudices as he had, "as spurs to more strenuous achievement."

Beginning as an office boy at nineteen, he became a Wall Street partner at twenty-five, and had put away a fortune of $3,200,000 "in cash" by the time he was thirty-two. The great bulk of "Baruch: My Own Story," a volume of memoirs just published, is devoted to his financial exploits and speculations down to the First World War. "I felt the surge of empire welling within me," he wrote of a killing he made in 1898 after Admiral Schley defeated the Spanish fleet. "I was repeating on a small scale the financial feat which legend ascribed to Nathan Rothschild at the Battle of Waterloo." History was something written on ticker tape. "A chance to become something of a Cecil Rhodes" was opened up by King Leopold of Belgium, who interested Ryan and Baruch in Congo rubber. The hospitable dictator Diaz of Mexico opened the way to mineral empire below the Rio Grande. The young titan speculated in Alaska gold mining, in Texas sulphur, and Colorado copper. He operated in a large way with "Buck" Duke in tobacco-trust building and with the Guggenheims in Western mines.

Baruch collected celebrities with the same acquisitiveness that he collected fortunes. He loved to cut a dashing figure in New York of the 1900s. Bob Fitzsimmons congratulated him for knocking out an opponent in the ring. Lillie Langtry admired him for his physique. "Diamond Jim" Brady gave him a dinner and displayed all thirty sets of his costume jewelry. At the old Waldorf-Astoria, where the Empire State Building now stands, Baruch hobnobbed with Mark Twain, Lillian Russell, Jim Corbett, Admiral Dewey, Mark Hanna, "and countless presidents of banks and railroads." It was there that he sat in on a game of baccarat in which "Bet-a-Million" Gates bet one million dollars on the turn of a card.

"I AM not overly modest," writes Mr. Baruch in one of his rare understatements. The truth is that he had little to be modest about, at least in a material way, and in the display of his acquisitions he was a true child of his times. He took delight in the sensation he created by presenting a check for a million dollars. His second auto-

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mobile was a forty-horsepower Mercedes painted yellow. "It cost $22,000. W. K. Vanderbilt had one like it." He delighted especially in Hobcaw Barony, his 17,000-acre plantation in South Carolina with its four-and-a-half-mile driveway, "all of it over plantation grounds" and its numerous bedrooms, "each with its own bath and fireplace although there is also a central heating system." The guest books of Hobcaw have been lost, but from the owner's account they seem to have read like C. Wright Mills's roster of the Power Elite over the last four decades.

In spite of all this Baruch was often restless, "dissatisfied with merely making money." One day he found himself looking out over Wall Street and Trinity churchyard from his office window and "thinking of Gray's 'Elegy'." The experience seems to date the origin of a decision to turn away from business to public service, though the real turning point, he tells us, came with the First World War. His account of experiences in the government is apparently reserved for a future volume.

ECCENTRICS AND VILLAINS: It is a pleasure to find so able a historian as Russel B. Nye sketching the lives of some relatively obscure individuals in **"A Baker's Dozen: Thirteen Unusual Americans"** (Michigan State University Press, $5). Mr. Nye's minor mavericks, eccentrics, villains, and heroes are truly the stuff that footnotes are made of, but all have one thing in common: they are interesting. They include Harman Blennerhassett, the naive Irish gentleman who financed Aaron Burr's strange dreams of empire; John Humphrey Noyes, who conducted a "holy experiment" in communal living at Oneida, N. Y.; Nat Turner, crazed leader of a bloody slave rebellion in Virginia in 1831; and Phineas Quimby, the mental healer who influenced Mary Baker Eddy. On all his unusual Americans the author bestows incisive narrative and thoughtful judgment. His facts of course are familiar to professional historians, but few readers will lay down this stimulating book without having learned much about the American past that they did not know before.

—Hal Bridges.

BOUNDERS AND RASCALS: There are certain periods in history, quite apt to be called "Romantic Ages," when erratic and irresponsible behavior seems to be most likely to occur. The most romantic period in United States history occurred during the era in which were fought the war with Mexico and that between the Union and the Confederacy. Edgar Wallace's **"Destiny and Glory"** (Coward-McCann, $5) brings together these bizarre decades in all their crazy grandiloquence.

During the Mexican War men saw new places and had strange experiences which jangled their nerves and rasped their imaginations. Then too, the war was followed by the Gold Rush to California which further conditioned men to highly exciting ways of existence. In Mr. Wallace's pages we read of shouting, brawling fighters who would rush against the foe, however numerous, shouting and shooting. There are stories of vague impractical dreamers like Narcisco Lopez, who would free Cuba without the aid of any practical plan. We read also about rascals and double-crossing bounders and gasconading four-flushers, and about calculating adventurers with nerves of steel.

The author has caught the spirit of this lunacy in a fashion that will give readers as much fun as an adventure story. —Roy F. Nichols.

DULY NOTED: **"Frederick Bancroft: Historian,"** by Jacob E. Cooke (University of Oklahoma Press, $4), a biography of a historian of the antebellum Southern slave trade who (thanks to a wealthy brother) was able to devote his full time to writing, pays special attention to his books, his historical principles, and the famous men he knew—Henry and Charles Francis Adams, James Ford Rhodes, Carl Schurz, and others. Three hitherto unpublished essays by Bancroft on efforts to colonize American Negroes before the Civil War round out this useful short monograph. —H. B.

Pick of the Paperbacks

JAZZ: Its Evolution and Essence. *By André Hodeir. Translated by David Noakes. Evergreen.* $1.45. An enthusiastic, yet critical, appraisal by a French musician and musicologist.

THE MOTH AND THE STAR. *By Aileen Pippett. Compass.* $1.45. A portrait, rather than a biography, of Virginia Woolf that captures the many facets of a complex personality.

THE ORGANIZATION MAN. *By William H. Whyte, Jr. Anchor.* $1.45. A study of the little man in the big corporation by a *Fortune* editor that turns up startling information about the modern social scene.

TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY. *By Irwin Shaw. Signet.* 35¢. The American in Europe is the theme of most of these short stories by the author of "The Young Lions."

GREEK AND ROMAN HISTORIANS. *Edited by C. A. Robinson, Jr. Rinehart.* $1.25. The history of the ancient world recorded through selections from its most eloquent historians.

EVOLUTION IN ACTION. *By Julian Huxley. Mentor.* 50¢ An analysis and interpretation, by an eminent biologist, of the process of evolution and its relation to man's future.

DYLAN THOMAS IN AMERICA. *By John Malcolm Brinnin. Compass.* $1.45. Written by the poet's friend and business manager, this uncompromising journal reveals the torment of Dylan Thomas's last frenzied years.

THE MUSIC MASTERS. Volumes 1 & 4. *Edited by A. L. Bacharach. Pelican.* 95¢ each. The full set of these biographies of composers by noted writers on music will be completed next year. Volume One, just published, includes essays on composers from the sixteenth century to Beethoven. The history of music is continued in Volume Four with biographical essays on composers of our own century.

ADDISON AND STEELE. *Edited by Robert J. Allen. Rinehart.* 75¢. Journalistic essays selected from the pages of "The Tatler" and "The Spectator" provide a lively record of life in eighteenth-century London.

THE REVERBERATOR. *By Henry James. Evergreen.* $1.45. James called his short novel dealing with American journalism in Paris of the 1880s a *jeu d'esprit.*

THE CRAFT OF FICTION. *By Percy Lubbock. Compass.* $1.25. The techniques as well as the art of writing are discussed in this lucid book of criticism originally published in 1926.

EXISTENCE AND THE EXISTENT. *By Jacques Maritain. Translated by Lewis Galantiere and G. Phelan. Image.* 75¢. A leading Catholic philosopher holds that Sartrean existentialism is atheistic and so opposed to Thomistic (and Christian) existentialism.

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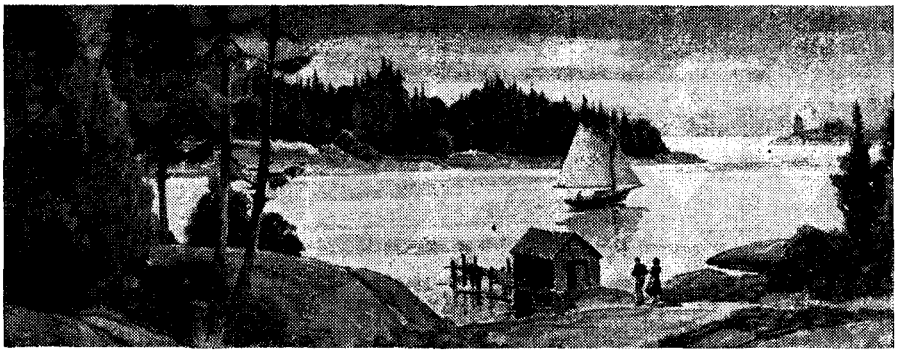
FICTION



—Jacket design for "The World of Carrick's Cove."

Growing Up Down East

***"The World of Carrick's Cove," by Gerald Warner Brace** (Norton. 308 pp. $3.95), is the story of Ben Carrick and the nineteenth-century Maine way of life that shaped him.*

By James Gray

GERALD WARNER BRACE'S new novel "The World of Carrick's Cove" is a unique and striking piece of Americana. Offered as the memoir of a man of eighty-odd, it recreates a boyhood lived on the coast of Maine in the last years of the nineteenth century. A study in nostalgia at second hand, Mr. Brace's book might be called; and seldom has a precariously perishable commodity been kept so fresh and inviting.

The great attraction here is the vitality of the first person narrator. As Ben Carrick remembers the sunlit seascapes associated with his adventures in sailing, as he brings back to life the generous, "able" men who helped to shape his character and his quiet destiny, as he opens up the hidden recesses of a boy's intelligence, a world is actually recovered out of the past with all the tang and savor of reality to it.

What is good about the world of Carrick's Cove for this alert observer is the unspoiled, unsoiled availability of the physical environment—not merely its smells and tastes, its impact on eyes, skin, and muscle, but its challenges to action. All this is dramatized in the building of a sloop —building it right, full of love and virtue. The boy has found the shell of the boat left unfinished by his grandfather's accidental death. Neither the narrator nor Mr. Brace stresses the point unduly, but it is clear that the finishing of the grandfather's work becomes a kind of mission, a test to which the boy must submit himself so that he may know whether or not he measures up, as man and as craftsman, to his heritage.

It is particularly important to him to do so because his own father is not a forebear in whom to take pride. The elder Carrick has a fine talent for beginnings, none for conclusions. He is forever "aiming" to raise squabs or mink, to build or improve, but all his projects end in a vague self-deceptive evasion of both challenge and responsibility. The boy has to know that he is better than that. And he triumphantly is.

At seventeen he knows and surmounts tragedy when his father's incompetence in handling the sloop, borrowed without leave, results indirectly in the crippling of the elder Carrick and the wrecking of the boy's handiwork. Mr. Brace has given his book the importance of an adventure in growth and understanding.

HE HAS done something else that is remarkable. Despite the fact that this is the kind of glorification of a time of man's innocency, the book does not blink away the truth that it offers the portrait of a decadent society. Though the men who help Ben Carrick build his boat when his father fails to do so are good, disinterested, even noble men, they are also wasted men giving their strength and genius to techniques that are obsolescent. Though the women are brave and enduring, some with a kind of epical heartiness to them, they are worse than wasted. They are victims of a crushing contact between life and its insignificant labors. Mr. Brace does not compromise with reality. If nineteenth-century Maine produced the last of our society's "giants in the earth," it produced simultaneously far too many odd ones, twisted ones living on the edge if not over the border of degeneracy.

One could not admire the treatment of the narrative more—all of it including the touching little story of a strong silent son of Maine and an equally strong, equally silent daughter. Mr. Brace first captured completely the idiom and accent of his narrator and then gave that narrator both his head and his tongue. The only right he seems to have reserved to himself as author is that of building scene on scene. This ordering of the narrative is what Ben Carrick would call "able." What seems to be the artless exercise in total recall of a very old man is actually a beautifully built story with climax arching gently into climax until a fullness of meaning has been achieved in a strong, unsentimental revelation of the past.

Last Thoughts

***"The Two Deaths of Christopher Martin," by William Golding** (Harcourt, Brace. 208 pp. $3.75), tells of a man who has the opportunity to review his life as he is drowning.*

By Donald R. Bensen

JUDGING by his two novels and one novelette so far published in this country, William Golding's specialty is meticulous ingenuity. He loves to take a curious situation and play with and explore it, the object being to get at some universal human truths. He will change one factor in a (reasonably) known human equation, then investigate the effects this has on the rest of it: Let x equal a deserted island instead of English school and home life; what then happens to the y which represents the behavior of twenty-odd schoolboys? The answer to that made up the remarkable "Lord of the Flies" with which Mr. Golding was introduced to American readers two years ago. And in a novelette in a fantasy collection earlier this year, "One, Two, Three—Infinity," he supposes that a Greek scientist in Roman times comes up with such useful inventions as the steamboat, gunpowder, the pressure cooker, and printing. The result is plausible, and the ending a logical surprise.

In "The Two Deaths of Christopher

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Martin," ingenious exploration of a situation is again the framework—and the unexpected ending again wraps it up. It is usually thought unfair for a reviewer to reveal whatever main surprises an author stores up for his readers. As I mean to complain of this one, though, it's necessary to say that Mr. Golding has used a device which first showed up, as I recollect, in Ambrose Bierce's story, "The Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge"—the action is shown to have taken place during a drowning man's last instants of life.

Christopher Hadley Martin, RNVR, is washed overboard into the North Atlantic from a British destroyer during the Second World War. In the first vivid pages of the book we have his sensations as he fights his way to the surface—the dim spark of consciousness struggling to keep lit, throwing up meaningful and meaningless images as the body labors to breathe and move. Martin is afloat, alone, for an indefinite time, then is washed onto the rocky peak of a submerged mountain. The rest of the book concerns his struggle to survive and maintain his identity: his first successes at this, and then the gradual disintegration of Martin and his world. He staves off madness a while by slipping into his past; and the reader learns that Martin is a very bad piece of work indeed, given to betrayal and greed from childhood on. There is no comfort or sustenance in his memories, and he comes to realize that this barren rock is all he is to have of heaven or hell; that he has never looked to find anything but naked survival. At the end, fragmented and subhuman, his consciousness gutters out.

A last chapter makes it plain that he died within seconds after hitting the water.

It seems to me that this surprise at the end flaws a striking and compelling novel. The author's intention is to reinforce the power of his portrayal of Martin's dreadful ordeal by showing that his hell was entirely his own creation; but he has made the setting of the rock and Martin's life on it so vivid and detailed that the ending seems mostly a trick, an unnecessary flourish; an actual island would have made his point just as well. With or without it, though, "The Two Deaths of Christopher Martin" is a memorable work of imagination and moral force.

AFFAIR WITH A PHONY: A favorite device, a popular modern pattern of the novelist, is to spotlight various characters and then weave their lives together. In **"The Thing Desired"** (Viking, $3.50), Lalage Pulvertaft uses it effectively on a group of brittle, disillusioned, sophisticated London intellectuals, who go in for psychoanalytic thinking and regard old-fashioned emotions like love and friendship with wariness and suspicion. Her novel is modern, ironic, and well-written.

Much of it is told from the angle of young Caroline Arnold, struggling with the ever-present life problems—love and a job—and trying hard to be sophisticated and cynical about everything. The dominating figure, however, is Adam Chard, a middle-aged writer "who has become a household word without writing since the Twenties." At first he is an enigma. Is he the victim of circumstance, of unhappy fate, or is he a fiend? It is gradually disclosed to us that he is a man who destroys rather than creates, a phony, an egotist, who has driven his wife into a mental hospital and who is repeating the pattern of persecution on his temperamental but gifted young daughter. Naturally no good can come when he and Caroline are attracted and no good does come of it. But the reader is not quite prepared for quite as much havoc as ensues, involving a number of other lives and leading to a crashing climax—a modern line ending surprisingly in a burst of almost Victorian melodrama.

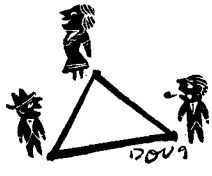
The author's forte is her analysis of character in quick, incisive, profile-like presentations. She is less convincing in telling what her people do, what happens to them later. It is never quite clear, for instance, why Caroline, who was usually wary with other suitors, including one whom she loves and who finally loves her, should let her defences fall and be attracted to the "most destructive character she had ever met." The line of the story therefore presents the author with more difficulties and is not always so credible. Partly at fault here is the hyper-intellectual milieu, filled with people who believe, in Caroline's words, that "the whole of life seems to be such a senseless muddle, such a shambles of people broken and sick and maimed and tied down to no purpose."

This novel is like a jig-saw puzzle, with excellent, colorful bits and pieces, but less convincing as a whole picture. It is interesting work, however, cynicism, irony, and all. Perhaps Miss Pulvertaft may achieve a more convincing story line in her next book.

—ROSEMARY C. BENÉT.

IN DEEPEST BUREAUCRACY: If you've had the impression that the American civil service did not always operate at a peak level of efficiency, and was sometimes more concerned with bureaucratic protocol than with pragmatism, **"Come with Me to Macedonia,"** by Leonard Drohan (Knopf, $3.95) should confirm your worst suspicions. Mr. Drohan's first novel—the title of which has only a glancing connection with the subject matter—concerns the operations of a military procurement office, staffed by civilian administrators and supervised by Army brass. There is apparently a question in Mr. Drohan's mind as to which echelon contains the bigger lunkheads, but with generous impartiality he makes out an excellent case for each side. In the military ranks is Lt. Col. Dawson, past master of the flashy "briefing session" and a stranger to sweet reason; in mufti the booby-prize winner is a statistician named John Lumm, whose office is so cluttered with brilliant filing devices that he can never

(*Continued on page 25*)



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TRIANGLES

Here are the given names of two sides of ten literary triangles. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to complete each triangle with the name of the third side, along with the work and the author. Everything is squared away on page 27.

1. Grushenka and Dmitri
2. Anna and Alexei
3. Stephen and Virginia
4. Zenobia and Mattie
5. Michael and Lucetta
6. Charlotte and Albert
7. Leopold and Marion
8. Mabel and Peg
9. Jinny and Bradd
10. Ustane and Leo

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THE WORLD

How Communism Works

"The New Class," by Milovan Djilas *(Praeger. 214 pp. $3.95), is a strong indictment of the Communist system by a man who up to three and one-half years ago was a leading member of the Party hierarchy in Yugoslavia. It is reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe, author of "The Imperial Soviets" and other books.*

By Henry C. Wolfe

EVERY once in a while a book comes along which helps influence the course of human events. Adam Smith and Karl Marx produced such works. And it is just possible that in "The New Class" Milovan Djilas has written a volume that may deeply affect the thought and deeds of men for years to come. In a good many ways this "anti-Communist manifesto" is an extraordinary exposition of a man's faith. For one thing, the author is not a free man in a free country, but a political prisoner in a Communist jail in Yugoslavia. He is at the complete mercy of the Tito regime. Yet months ago he instructed his publishers to go ahead with the book, no matter what happened to him. "The New Class," then, represents a rare act of courage and devotion to an ideal.

In appraising such a volume, obviously the background of the author is of the highest importance. The forty-six-year-old Djilas is a poet, a top Marxist theoretician, a famous guerrilla leader and a former idol of Yugoslav youth. Until his downfall three and one-half years ago, he was rated No. 3 in his country's Communist hierarchy and a possible successor to Tito. A Montenegrin, he is a true son of the people of the Black Mountain who, though surrounded by powerful invaders, maintained their freedom for centuries in the face of Turkish military power.

Djilas's known idealism, his magnificent war record, his friendship with liberal leaders in Western Europe, his colorful personality, his courageous self-sacrifice—all these assure him a wide audience. Free or imprisoned, dead or alive, the entire Communist empire must reckon with his influence.

What is it that Djilas feels he must voice at such terrible personal risk? It is a message to people everywhere, a passionately felt warning of what Communism does to the body and soul of man. He has written a penetrating analysis that lays bare the weaknesses and corruption of Marxism, whether interpreted by Khrushchev, Gomulka, Mao, or Tito. The particular strength and significance of his book lies in the fact that Djilas goes to the heart of the "bureaucratic despotism" that, by its nature, engenders a "form of latent civil war between the government and the people."

DJILAS emphasizes the "thirst for power" that is "insatiable and irresistible among Communists." In the Communist system "careerism, extravagance, and love of power are inevitable, and so is corruption." The "classless society" is a cruel myth. On the contrary, the Communist state "inevitably creates privileges and parasitic functions . . . No other revolution promised so much and accomplished so little."

To Djilas the Kremlin's "peace offensives" are tragic farces. "Founded by force and violence, in constant conflict with its people, the Communist state . . . must be militaristic. The cult of force, especially military force, is nowhere so prevalent as in Communist countries." Throughout history, he writes, no other system "ever has provoked such profound and far-reaching discontent." Indeed, "Communist totalitarianism leads to total discontent . . ." In the so-called dictatorship of the proletariat "the worker has no choice but to accept the employer's terms." The Communist elite grind down the masses and "pillage the people." Communism, according to Djilas, is a gigantic racket carried on at the expense of the many for the luxurious benefit of the few who make up the "new class."

The author believes that the system carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction. Although apologists for the Kremlin like to argue that Marxism is "scientific," Djilas says that "Communist economy is perhaps the most wasteful economy in the history of human society." The men who run it "handle national property as their own, but at the same time they waste it as if it were somebody else's." Little wonder that he concludes that the "new class" has "condemned itself to failure and shameful ruin."

Milovan Djilas—"courageous self-sacrifice."

And what does Djilas think of the "national Communism" now in vogue in Yugoslavia and Poland? It is all part of the wicked and corrupt system that the Kremlin dominates. "It will be unable to separate its fate from that which links it with the remaining Communist countries and movements." Thus, the answer to Communism is not some form of deviation but a complete break for freedom.

ZIONISM, PRO AND CON: Not all Americans of Jewish faith, it appears, regard the fortunes of the State of Israel with the same degree of concern. Lined up against the Zionist movement, which has long fought for the creation and preservation of Israel as a kind of Jewish national "homeland," is an organization known as the American Council for Judaism. Their position is now set down in Rabbi Elmer Berger's **"Judaism or Jewish Nationalism"** (Bookman, $3).

Coming on the heels of dramatic developments in the Middle East, the Rabbi's partisan treatise is not likely to evoke much interest from readers who have come to recognize that (irrespective of the theological or philosophical aspects of the Zionist controversy) the survival of Israel as a free and independent nation, providing a home for Jews dispossessed and displaced by decades of war and intolerance, is, in the present struggle against Communist disruption and subversion, an immensely practical matter in which Americans of every religious persuasion have acquired an important stake.

—SAMUEL S. STRATTON.

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The Restless Wit

"Freddy: A Biography," by Frances Donaldson *(Lippincott. 257 pp. $3.95), is a daughter's account of Frederick Lonsdale, a playwright of great charm and little depth.*

By Allen Churchill

IN THE 1920s, Frederick Lonsdale was England's best-known writer of clever drawing-room comedies. His plays—notably "Aren't We All?" and "The Last of Mrs. Cheney"—were equally successful over here, while Hollywood spread his name even further. From 1930 until his death in 1954 Lonsdale had other plays produced—he wrote his first in 1908—and though the turbulent years appeared somewhat to have passed his talents by, his work remained exceptional for deft craftsmanship, theatrical skill, and lines almost as clever as those he himself spoke off-stage. (It was Lonsdale who, when asked if he liked New York, glanced up at a building under construction and said, "I would, if they'd finish it!")

Mr. Lonsdale's ability as a playwright was downright amazing, since—as "Freddy: A Biography," by his favorite daughter Frances Donaldson, points out—he had no training for the theatre. He was born on the Island of Jersey, the son of a tobacconist. A villainous and undisciplined child, he flatly refused to go to school—and never did. At some point in childhood, seemingly before he had ever been to a theatre, he announced that he was going to be a playwright. When he had grown into a problem-youth with the type of looks and charm we now recognize in Fred Astaire, he calmly became one. He sold his first two plays and, after five years of young-married starvation, became a top writer of English musical comedies. After a decade of this he turned to straight comedy.

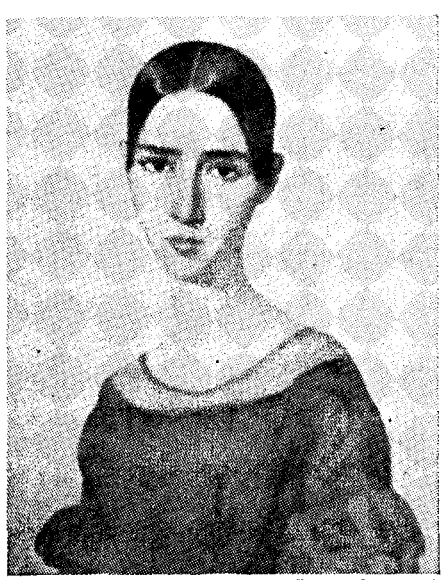
All this may be amazing, but Mr. Lonsdale's character, as detailed unsparingly by his daughter, becomes more so. For this talented, famous man never bothered to learn how to think. His gift for the theatre was an instinct born in him, and in just such an instinctive manner he got through life. He was a true Peter Pan, bored the moment he was left alone, the possessor of absolutely no inner resources. Lonsdale was lazy—"maddening but irresistible," his great friend Cary Grant called him—and until the age of forty seemed mildly amused by success, his wife, and three growing daughters. But with "The Last of Mrs. Cheney" he departed the family hearth to begin a life of complete, self-centered indulgence. In this life there were no extremes. Had he taken to drink, the pursuits of the flesh, or even of happiness, he might have been a far more interesting figure. But with the easy charm of a Duke of Bristol in a Lonsdale play, he now began roaming the fashionable spots of England, France, and the United States. When he found an English country house that pleased him, he took the best bedroom and stayed. If he got bored, as almost invariably happened, he took the next boat for the United States, where the irresistible man was cherished by many. Once boredom caught up with him so fast that he debarked at Cherbourg. At other times, he simply reached New York and went back. Once, returning from a stint in Hollywood with a large amount of money, he placed it in the bank, then stepped out on sunny Fifth Avenue. "King Lonsdale, that's me," he said to the world.

So he was, in a sense. But ever a deposed and restless king. Mrs. Donaldson is under no illusions about her father, and often seems to have been highly irritated by him. For the possessor of so much ingratiating nonchalance could also be rude, irritable, and dictatorial. He was intensely thin-skinned, and with a terrible self-destructive perversity always tried to annoy those he liked best. His happiest moments were spent in the Garrick Club, yet he resigned in mid-career as a result of a minor slur. At other times he behaved with a vague eccentricity that might have been created by P. G. Wodehouse. He hated war, largely because it interfered with his spoiled existence on traveling wherever he wished. But his oft-expressed opinions of it were so childish and viperish that during two wars he was considered pro-German. He spent World War II in New York and when he turned up at the Colony for lunch, many of his old friends turned backs on him.

LONSDALE wrote light comedy. He made much money from his plays before the days of taxes and in the last thirty years of his life probably never ate an inferior meal. Yet his existence adds up to plain tragedy. His daughter tries hard to explain the vacuity of soul that could lead to such profound boredom, but she cannot. In fact, of all the successful men whose lives have been exposed in biographies as empty, Lonsdale's seems the emptiest. It would seem impossible for any man to live through a rich life without actually being touched by it, yet Lonsdale did. Freddy remained Freddy all his days. A lot of people thought he was simply marvelous, among them the legions of waiters, charwomen, and bellboys on whom he turned his boy-

—Simon Elwes.

Freddy Lonsdale—"easy charm."



—From "Rachel."

Rachel—"passionate lady."

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ish, Astaire-like charm. But this book, though meticulous, sympathetic, and readable, is of necessity as empty of soul as its subject. It remains a literary curiosity—to be enjoyed by those who like such—just as Lonsdale was a curiosity among men.

QUEEN OF TRAGEDY: The tempestuous career of the French actress who began life in 1821 as an ignorant pedlar's daughter—a "child of the gutter"—and became the reigning sensation of the theatrical world is drily recounted with an English reserve by Joanna Richardson in **"Rachel"** (Putnam, $4.50). In her early teens Rachel was discovered singing in the street by Samson of the Comédie-Française. He trained her for stardom in the classical plays of Racine and Corneille, and as a gifted tragedienne she scored success in France, England, and Russia, gaining social acceptance even by royalty. At seventeen Rachel began indulging in a life of promiscuous independence and a long procession of lovers, titled and untitled. Legend has it that the passionate lady rejected marriage, commenting, "I don't mind tenants, but I will not have owners." Although her uneducated family irritated her at times, Rachel remained constant in her devotion to them and her Jewish faith. After a disastrous tour of the New World, her health declined rapidly and she died of consumption at the age of thirty-six in her beloved France.

Her portraits show a compelling visage and the numerous quotes of ecstatic praise from the drama critics of her day speak of a spellbinding power that brought bouquets and huzzahs from excited audiences. Miss Richardson makes this judgment: "Rachel stood alone, the symbol of classical grace, embodying queens and heroines to perfection, changeless herself above the dramatic tide . . . it was not Rachel's failing but her glory that she left no school: none indeed could follow her. All the actresses who aspired to succeed her . . . trusted in intellect, she had trusted both intellect and soul." As the first biography of Rachel in English in twenty years, this book is a competent, well-researched record. But to recreate with full psychological understanding the elusive art of this unique personality of a century ago requires an artistry that is beyond the scholarly talents of Miss Richardson.

—Dorothy Mandel.

BIG PRODUCER: The name Jesse L. Lasky is a familiar one to several generations of film-goers. A pioneer in the industry (who in a rash moment allowed the name Famous Players-Lasky to be changed to Paramount Pictures), Mr. Lasky was responsible for such movie milestones as "The Covered Wagon" and "Beau Geste," and discovered such shining talents as Rudolph Valentino, Carole Lombard, and Maurice Chevalier (as a possibility for films). In his long career Mr. Lasky has never been anything but a top-ranking producer, but few know that he started out as a trumpet player in vaudeville. In **"I Blow My Own Horn"** (Doubleday, $4.50) he tells, with the help of Don Weldon, of this humble entertainment-world start. But even as a youth Mr. Lasky's drive was such that he could not remain a trumpet player long. Soon he was a producer of entire vaudeville units. Unfortunately, Mr. Lasky's mania for getting things done—he admits his go-getting qualities almost wrecked his marriage in its first years—also affects his book. The big names rat-a-tat-tat like machine-gun fire, but seldom is there a pause for the well-sketched anecdote. The reader who picks this up for relaxation will get dizzy. The reader interested in early film days will find that it sets many a record straight.

—A. C.

MORE ABOUT GRACE: As all the world knows, Grace Kelly (of Philadelphia and Hollywood) and Prince Rainier of Monaco were married last year. Anyone wishing a burbling re-creation of this event can find same in **"Princess of Monaco: The Story of Grace Kelly,"** by Gant Gaither (Holt, $3.95). Mr. Gaither, a long-time friend of Princess Grace, writes on a fan-magazine level, with exclamation points, words like *finalized,* and much inside dope on whispered conversations between the girls. The pictures—notably the portraits by Karsh, Halsman, and Beaton—are excellent. As for the rest, it is newsstand stuff.

—A. C.

Deyá (*Mallorca*)

By Virginia Earle

FURNACE of early afternoon, light
writhing on stone, writhing on the too
high too pale rock mountains, writing some
cue on the paper sky in a wild
isolate language. The town stirred in
siesta: a cat crawled low-bellied
along a wall top; an old woman
spoke from a cave of shade, did not smile.
This is the town Deyá, strange with age,
alien to me with peace; the little
pointed town with the church and shaded
graveyard topping it and the great cool
underground globe of the well at its
feet. Between, there are terraces, streets
of cobble or dust, fig trees, small stone
shuttered houses. Who are these people
who sleep shelved in a thunder of light,
who drink calm water in a tense too-
still ferment of light and mountains?

Deyá, Deyá, tolled the light, calling.

Off behind the north west the sea burned
like a word for blue. And an old road
sauntered, slipped, stumbled down one crumbling
terrace under another to the
incredible bay: Cala Deyá,
irregular, perilous, cobalt.

I am uneasy at grandeur. It
asks human sacrifice: something like
tears, love, great art, great pain, or the
humility to say, *I can't answer.*
I have a death in me, like all men.
When my death comes it will answer you.

Deyá, Deyá, tolled the light, calling.

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The Casual Approach to Violence

Aboard the S.S. Queen Frederica.

ALONG sea voyage, from New York to Athens, provides one of the most precious commodities in the world right now—uncrowded, unpressurized thoughts and an open horizon. This is an ideal way to look without twitching at the human situation. After a few days the fever blisters of crisis recede and the full contours of the main problem begin to take shape.

The main problem, of course, is how to keep the human race going at a time when every facility and skilled knowledge are being mobilized to eliminate it or change it. The most significant thing about this problem is that almost everyone recognizes that it exists but almost no one has any idea where to take hold in order to deal with it. There may be agreement on nothing else in the world but in one respect there is virtual unanimity. The political leaders, the military men, and the scientists—whether from the U.S. or the USSR or elsewhere—all concur on the effects of the next war. They know that the instruments are now available for pulverizing man's cities, poisoning his farmlands and his water, and downgrading the genes of the survivors, if any.

In a phrase, all now agree that violence in a nuclear age is unthinkable. Inevitably, this raises some questions: if violence today is unthinkable, what is thinkable? And who is doing the thinking? What great alternatives to violence are being fashioned? What great ideas are being advanced for eliminating violence while safeguarding human values?

In thinking about these questions, it becomes clear that America is suffering from a case of unpreparedness. We have not been putting our main thoughts and energies into building the new kinds of power that fit the present situation. We have not developed any substantial confidence in moral force or in the vitality of great ideas when advanced in the world arena.

At best, we are looking to the threat of violence to avoid acts of violence. This is a precarious enterprise in an age of trigger tempers and touchy national egos. Our justification, of course, is that the existence of potential Communist violence makes imperative superior physical power of our own, if only for deterrent purposes. But even here we are stymied, for as the race in potential violence picks up speed, Communism is also working to bring about its leadership of the preponderance of the world's peoples. It is convinced that the moment it achieves such a preponderance the battle will be won. If the face of the majority should ever be set against us, it will make little difference how much megaton nuclear power we can generate or deliver.

We are forced, therefore, to embark on a new form of preparedness. It is the kind of preparedness which begins by taking seriously the need to look beyond violence. This may well be the most difficult undertaking in our history. For our conditioning has made violence a seemingly normal part of our lives and we have a casual approach to it. Almost from the moment a child is old enough to observe or talk, violence is glamorized for him and made part of his emotional diet. His earliest games have to do with violence or the instruments of violence. Year in and out, the biggest sellers in toys are guns or other make-believe weapons. Even religion has been made to glorify violence. Sunday school in too many cases has become less an adventure in the higher reaches of the human spirit than a grandstand seat in an arena of interminable warfare. There is little compassion for slain people when they happen to be on the other side. Not much is said about the tragedy of human conflict; the battle is the thing. Even the Deity is vested with certain violent and vindictive moods; He is not above stoning people when they displease Him, and innocent children are punished for the sins of remote ancestors. There is a hard wall of separation between the sublime and nonviolent ethics of the Sermon on the Mount and their application in everyday life. It is as though it is more important to belong than it is to believe.

Wherever we turn we find reflections of this casual approach to violence. It is one thing to kill animals for food or for the protection of crops. It is another thing to kill them for the fun of it. And numberless persons take part in this exercise out of sheer enjoyment. Arguments are advanced in justification; *i.e.*, some animals might multiply excessively and become a drain on the land. But problems such as these can be routinely handled if they become serious enough. The heart of the matter is that some people like to cause injury or death to living things. And many of those who do not are indifferent to those who do.

CONSIDER prizefighting. A great deal is said about the art of boxing but the prizefight promoters who make the matches are on the constant lookout not for boxers but for killers. They know that it is the killer who attracts the crowds. No large crowd was ever brought screaming to its feet by two boxers who parried each other's blows. The crowd comes to life when hard-driving smashes to a man's heart or his head cause him to stare blankly and then go down. When people say they have seen a good fight they mean they have seen someone badly hurt. Now and then a man is beaten to death in the ring; his brain is unable to withstand repeated hammering. People shake their heads sadly and either call it an accident or say it's all in the game. In either case, authorized murder has taken place in full view of thousands of people who have paid to see someone beaten up.

Violence is not confined to the man in the fight arena or to the man with

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a gun in the field. It is an important staple in the regular entertainment diet. The large majority of films or television productions holds violence to be almost as essential as the camera itself. Thus, the slightest disagreement between two men in a play is accompanied by the explosion of a fist in a human face. This is as routine as opening an umbrella in the rain. There is little respect in our entertainment for the fragility of human life.

The fact that public issues are not made of these things is significant in itself. For the casualness with which violence is treated and accepted may make it difficult for us to think today in totally different terms, even though our lives may now depend on our ability to do so. There is a universal chorus behind the proposition, to repeat, that violence in a nuclear age is unthinkable. But it is not enough merely to itemize the unthinkables in order to produce sanity and safety. It becomes important to replace the unthinkables with the workables.

Several weeks ago a few men who were concerned about the impracticality and the immorality of violence and about the sacredness of life visited the offices of *The Saturday Review*. They were impressive as they stated their convictions. They were serious men, but I could tell that they relished deeply the business of living, for fine lights showed in their faces when they spoke about their families or their interests. They were members of the Society of Friends and they planned a prayer vigil near the nuclear proving grounds in Nevada. If possible, they would enter the danger area in order to expose themselves to blast or fallout. In so doing, they hoped to dramatize the danger to all.

They said they realized that to walk into the nuclear test area in Nevada was an act of civil disobedience against a law of the United States. But it would be undertaken in a "spirit of prayer and from leanings of conscience," one of the Quakers explained. "We disobey openly; we willingly accept the law's penalty. We do not seek martyrdom. But we are ready to risk safety, reputation, and imprisonment in this effort. We do this out of faith in our democracy and as part of what we consider the democratic process to be. We seek to retain a free society, to stop the immorality of nuclear tests, and to oppose totalitarianism by encouraging action toward a world disarmed under democratic institutions."

These men were not crackpots. They were not dupes of the Soviet. They were thinking people with a strong spiritual bent who felt it was not enough to preach or lament; it was essential to bear active witness to their concerns. They knew enough about the history of human response to know that often, when people can be reached in no other way, they can be reached through identification and sacrifice. And they hoped that what they did here might become known elsewhere so that other individuals would join in the effort to awaken nations and peoples to a higher responsibility.

THESE men were not unaware that the peace of the world is not in the hands of the United States alone. Nor did they seek any course of action that would put America at a disadvantage with respect to other nations. But they felt that no people in the world were in a better position than Americans to think through and advocate workable alternatives to violence. They believed that America would achieve true strength only as it achieved the respect and support of its neighbors. They believed that the advocacy of a moral position was in itself a manifestation of prime strength. They believed that leadership behind the idea of world law with justice was more meaningful than mountains of explosives. They felt that the fascination with apocalyptic weapons was in itself a serious weakness.

Here, on the long voyage to Athens, I have been thinking about these things. News on shipboard is sparse and I have no way of knowing how these Friends are faring on the nuclear proving grounds. But they are very much in my mind, as I trust they are in yours. —N. C.

The Hawk and the Lizard

By Gene Frumkin

ATTACKING heaven, the hawk loses his prey,
melting into the sun,
at first a sparrow, then a midge
and finally the wind.
Heaven becomes
a mountainous solitude.

In the fields the wheat is ancient with rain and sun,
beards on the stalks
shaking sadly at some holocaust:
old men believing death
is manna, life a long starvation.
Heaven is a hard landlord,
taking the rent of mind and body as
it swallowed the hawk's flight.
But what is orchard, what is farm
without belief?
Are the roots secure, believable?

The lizard has no doubts
but is the solid faith of the stone
from which he follows the sun diurnally.
Such golden navigation suffices him,
each quick swallow of his throat
recording adulation.
Held by the great hypnotic eye,
the lizard feels the sun's direction
toward him, always toward him.
And if his tail falls off, there will be another,
another endlessly, till the sun falls too.

But in the night the hawk returns
(the intellectual night
when heaven is a cold, black slab)
and there, above, still darkly strives,
his desperate wings beat at the moon,
attack again the ages' invisible prey.

Belief exceeding belief.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SAINTS OR SPORTSMEN

THE SPORTSMAN VS. PREDATOR debate (*SR* Aug. 17) is useless so long as it is confined to the guilt or innocence of sportsmen. We are *all* murderers. No living thing can practise reverence for life without getting tangled up in all sorts of embarrassing contradictions. Every living thing exists by devouring some other living thing. To draw the line at reverence for some particular forms of life is arbitrary—reverence for matter is every bit as logical. If vegetables could think, perhaps they would develop a sort of reverence for vegetables.

The point of this debate is not the sportsman's pleasure in killing. The point is, simply, Death itself. When any society becomes squeamish about Death, it is in danger. And Americans in the Faint-hearted Fifties are squeamish about Death. Why, in this decade of peace and prosperity, do our intellectual leaders concern themselves with the brutality of sportsmen, the paganism of capital punishment, the nobility of every human life no matter how alcoholic, dope-addicted, or success-worshiping? Sportsmen, not saints, will kill the wolves which still prowl the forests of the night of society. When the wolves attack, shall we be gobbled up, gloriously sacrificing ourselves to a Reverence for Life, or shall we join the Sportsman and live?

ROBERT GUY BARROWS.

New York, N. Y.

IN PURSUIT

WHEN A CERTAIN man came to our home and bragged about shooting a deer my wife said later: "He killed something far more beautiful to look at than himself." Oscar Wilde, writing of the fox-hunters of England, described the "sport" as, "The unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable."

ELLIS JONES HOUGH.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

TIRED MEN

I AM SURROUNDED by a family of hunters who spend all their leisure time in the field, or I wouldn't risk this definition: "*Hunting:* One of the recreations of a man tired of himself, who seeks to kill time by killing inoffensive animals." Yes, it's Ambrose Bierce, 1822.

LOUISE K. PERSONS.

Forsyth, Ga.

LET OTHERS BEWARE

FROM EXPERIENCE one might say that nature expects—nay requires—that untold numbers of every living species must be used for food or be otherwise destroyed. This is Man's everyday experience. Animals and plants unable to survive under adverse conditions must die: dinosaurs, passenger pigeons, hairy mammoths, etc. The deaths or lives of entire races are only incidents. Such is our world. Each form of life is concerned with its own continuance; let all others beware. And if one species be destroyed will not others arise or be found to replace them?

I. WINDUL.

Newton, Mass.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It's intolerable, General Washington. The farmers of Valley Forge deserve more consideration. Drilling at all hours, drums scaring the livestock, and several chickens stolen. We have friends in the Continental Congress, you know."

WHY NOT CONEY ISLAND?

I AGREE WHOLEHEARTEDLY with Krutch's position, for this reason: while Anthony states that urban sportsmen desert to the forests to escape urbanity, he does not seem to realize that this escape is needed because the escaping individual is unable to maintain the inter-human competitive game, and must resort to the pursuit of animals which cannot compete on the same intellectual level. Anthony's claim that hunting is for the sportsman something more than the pleasure of killing is, I believe, wishful thinking. If killing were not the point, then the sportsmen would be just as well-pleased with the clay discs of Coney Island.

NORMAN C. DAVIS, JR.

Port Chester, N. Y.

THE DECADENT GENERAL

THE SHORT STORY which Krutch cites in his article is "The Most Dangerous Game," by Richard Connell. Since it concerns the fatal defeat on his own ground of a Cossack general by a sports-loving American who plunges from a yacht passing the general's reef-guarded island, the story distinguishes an idealistic sportsman willing to follow the rules of the game from a corrupt, decadent aristocrat whose useless existence and evil passions lead only to perversions. The general's uselessness and his degeneracy, rather than his love of hunting, result in his choice of men for quarry.

JOHN FRANCIS RUSSELL.

Baltimore, Md.

LET IT ALONE

DISMAYING NEWS has come to me by way of Boston that there is a project already under way to "improve" Thoreau's Walden Pond. Bulldozers are to make that rare bit of natural New England suitable for civilized inhabitants by digging out swimming holes, hot-dog stands, pop dispensaries, and diving boards.

If there is any more inappropriate way in which to memorialize Walden Pond than this I would like to hear it. I have no objection to making Walden Pond more habitable to the young of the race, although generations have already learned to swim there in its old incarnation. But if there is one piece of water in the world that has earned the right to be left mainly to God it is Walden Pond.

It is questionable whether enough damage has been done so far to make it impossible for the pond to grow again into its own self. But, if it is possible, let the water resume its original limpidity. If there are to be swmming holes and hot-dogs, let them be put at a reasonable distance from the pond itself. Let Nature take care of Walden. Give it at the most a few caretakers to restrain the inevitable desire to pluck and pull and twist and turn, but don't defile it. Read Thoreau's "Walden" again, which is full of messages never more timely than now. But write to the Concord, Massachusetts, Chamber of Commerce and beg them to let Walden Pond alone.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

Deep River, Conn.

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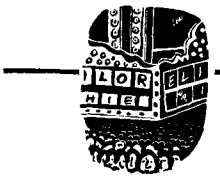

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Comic Renaissance

FOR the longest time now we have been harboring the suspicion that Hollywood had forgotten how to make comedies, suspicions that were dankly confirmed by the outpourings of such professional funny men as Jerry Lewis, Bob Hope, and Abbott-Costello. Oh, they were still making with the gags—right in there pitching, in fact. But the gags lacked any cutting edge. Indeed, apart from a handful of Judy Holliday films, it is difficult to recall any truly topical comedies in recent years—nothing to compare with, say, George Stevens's hilarious spoof on Washington's wartime housing shortage, "The More the Merrier."

Well, if two new films can be taken as straws in the wind we are due for a change. The boldness that has recently penetrated other areas of film making seems to be liberating the comedy writers as well. And no mistake about it, it does take a certain amount of boldness to be impudent about Things That Matter—even if the Things are no more basic than labor relations in a musical-comedy pajama factory or the high-powered lunacies of Madison Avenue. Of course, **"The Pajama Game"** (Warner Bros.) was imported virtually intact from a long and successful run on Broadway. But the chances are that as little as three years ago there would have been serious head-shakings about taking on a property whose heroine was chairlady of a union's grievance committee and whose climax was a labor rally celebrating a 7½¢ pay raise wrung from a reluctant employer. **"Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"** (Twentieth Century-Fox) is also an importee, but so thoroughly revised by Frank Tashlin, who adapted, directed, and produced this screen version of George Axelrod's play, that it stands as virtually an original. Both are guaranteed to produce a more satisfying form of laughter than any film you have seen this year.

"The Pajama Game" gains its humor from such unlikely sources as pitting its union chairlady against the handsome plant supervisor both romantically and economically, from an irascible time-study expert who used to throw knives in vaudeville, from factory speed-ups photographed in fast motion and union slow-downs taken in slow motion. In short, it begins with a reasonably exact facsimile of an ordinary factory and builds from there. Of course, the girls behind the sewing machines are a good deal prettier—and sing and dance better—than would probably be the case in any ordinary factory; but this is a musical, and those girls are needed. They are needed for some of Bob Fosse's best choreography to date.

Although the stars of the film, Doris Day and John Raitt, are primarily singers, Fosse has resourcefully come up with routines that make their normal, healthy athleticism seem like dancing—particularly in their energetic rendition of "I Love You More." Add to this the lovely old vaudeville patina of Eddie Foy, Jr.'s every movement and Carol Haney's pixie clowning and you have all the ingredients you could wish for in a lively, first-rate musical. Unfortunately, "The Pajama Game" is at its best only in musical moments. Co-directors George Abbott and Stanley Donen have held the intermediate action so close to the stage original that one can almost feel the curtains opening and closing. But once the music starts the cameras roll free, the cast limbers up, and everything is just fine.

THE fun in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" gets under way the moment the familiar Fox trade-mark appears on the screen. Tony Randall is mounted on the big block letters blowing the trumpets, playing the viol, beating the drum to supply the accompanying musical flourishes. "A contract player has to be able to do everything these days," he explains. Then, alongside the credits, comes a wonderfully screwy series of take-offs on TV commercials. And later in the picture there is a special intermission, a complete break in the story, "for all those who are accustomed to seeing their movies on television." This pleasantly irreverent attitude toward both the movies and TV pervades the story as well, a travesty on Hollywood's publicity-hungry glamour queens and Madison Avenue's gilt-ridden ad factories. Frank Tashlin's knowing script is filled with bright, risque lines and situations, all handled with surprising effectiveness by Jayne Mansfield (who, one might say, really *lives* her role). But the lad to keep your eye on is Tony Randall. As a harassed copywriter turned international "lover boy," he shapes up as the most promising young comic of the decade.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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"THE PAJAMA GAME"
Starring
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JOHN RAITT • CAROL HANEY
EDDIE FOY, JR.
With
RETA SHAW • BARBARA NICHOLS
Produced and Directed by
GEORGE ABBOTT • STANLEY DONEN
A Warner Bros. Picture in WarnerColor

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"MOODS and MUSIC"
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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Old Shores and New Scores in Door County

EPHRAIM, WISCONSIN.

TAXING as it is to his ingenuity, the human animal never seems to run out of ways to surprise his fellow man. In New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, or Los Angeles, where conditions are anything but ideal, music is played out-of-doors in summer time. On beautiful Door Peninsula, where nature smiles on every side and rolling woodlands debate whether to roll down to Green Bay or to Lake Michigan (along either side of the "Thumb"), music lovers go indoors to hear Thor Johnson conduct the concerts of the Peninsula Music Festival.

As music director of the Cincinnati Symphony (one of the few Americans to achieve such an exalted estate), Johnson would seem a long way from home in the festival identified with Fish Creek. However, Johnson's forbears were among the early Norse settlers of this area, and he was himself born in Wisconsin Rapids. Hence he is devoting his considerable energies to tilling soil close to him in this festival now in its fifth year. The soil itself is not without preparation, for a Peninsula Arts Association of rather long lineage looks forward to a time when the region will blossom (in season) with artistic activities as it does now with cherries. Long ago the late Frederick Stock summered in Fish Creek, and had a dream of making it the summer home of his Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Amid the dreams of the past and the hopes for the future the present, however, insists on intruding its practical problems. There is no ceiling to the ambitions of conductor Johnson, his supporters, and their enthusiastic audience; but there is a decidedly tangible one on the gymnasium-auditorium of Gibraltar High School, which the festival presently calls home. It is a typically modern structure in the open country which doubtless serves its primary purpose admirably. It also has an unparalleled opportunity to bake all day in the warm Wisconsin sun. The evening breezes which make the peninsula a vacationer's dream give more comfort to the parked cars without than to their sweltering owners within.

It is local gossip that a bevy of powerful fans (installed since last year's concerts) were inexplicably roofed over when the school authorities undertook to redecorate the gymnatorium on behalf of the summer activities. With or without their assistance, however, the present structure is simply not suited for music-making on any consequential scale. For those nearby, it doubtless presents a gratifying, even a stimulating way of spending a summer's evening. But Johnson is both a serious musician and an enterprising one, as his programs attest. At present, the reasons for visiting the Peninsula Music Festival have more to do with the peninsula than with the music festival. In a nation rich with beauty spots from Cape Cod to Redlands Grove, from Tanglewood to Aspen, Door Peninsula has the blessings of nature plus the improvements of man to challenge any. (Milwaukee is four hours' drive away, Chicago accessible in six or seven along excellent roads.)

The orchestra Johnson has imported (Cincinnatians are strongly represented—New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia providing others) shows many excellent players and some brilliant ones. Charles Moore of Philadelphia, for example, is a first-class reed man, whose English horn solos in Sibelius's "Pelleas et Melisande" suite were played with fine artistry as well as beautiful tone. Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture had a properly centered C major sound which was echoed in the "Triple Concerto" which brought the opening program to an end.

Here the aspirations of the project came into sharp conflict with the practicalities of the surroundings. For his soloists, Johnson provided the Beaux Arts Trio, of which Daniel Guilet, longtime concertmaster of the NBC Symphony under Arturo Toscanini, is the violinist; Menahem Pressler, the pianist, and Bernard Greenhouse the cellist. The smallish orchestra conducted by Johnson occupied the confining stage, the trio perched on a platform in front. The performance, in effect, had two conductors, for Guilet was visible to both the trio and the orchestra, whereas Johnson had his back to the soloists. Beethoven's scoring of this work is, at best, experimental; and it did not prove out in this performance. Both entities had qualities of musicianship (Pressler's are almost too assertive for ensemble service), but a real blend was an acoustical impossibility.

An abiding feature of the Peninsula Music Festival since its inception has been the production of new works suitable for performance by the orchestra of about forty. Among them have been several commissions, of which Vittorio Giannini's "Divertimento" has been successful enough to merit re-performance since its premiere in 1953. Among the works of Beethoven and Sibelius at the opening concert it left no rift of interest, commanding special admiration for its charming *Andante espressivo*.

For his first commission of the 1957 festival, Johnson presented a "Divertimento Burlesca" of Benjamin Lees, a California-based composer of Russian parentage (he was born in Harbin, Manchuria), who has attracted attention with several fluently written scores, especially his Quartet No. 1. I had not heard an orchestral work of his before, but this one showed him inclined to the tartness of early Prokofiev, especially in a scherzoish *moderato e sardonico*, with a busy ostinato of puckered bassoon phrases. It was preceded by a moody, well-written slow movement (a nocturne with somewhat ominous overtones) and, to start with, a compact first movement of clean-cut formal design. The scherzo seems a kind of *cul-de-sac* in this piece, for its strongly defined qualities made the finale something of an anti-climax.

Johnson's full afternoon of music began with a J. C. Bach Sinfonia Concertina in E flat, continued with Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder," and concluded with Falla's "Amor Brujo." The soloist for the last two of these was Lillian Chookasian, whose full-blooded mezzo was somewhat beyond her control in the low register. She is a good musician and an earnest performer but not yet in command of stylistic subtlety in such music.

Taken altogether, a week-end on Door Peninsula should begin with an admission charge on leaving Sturgeon Bay, for it is a keen pleasure to travel its well-kept roads, absorb the ever-changing vistas of blue waters and green woodlands, inhale its soft yet stimulating air. It offers any kind of housing one could ask, from campsites to modern motels to excellently staffed hotels. The old shores of the peninsula are memorable, and so are some of the new scores heard at the Peninsula Music Festival. Whether its isolation would forbid support of a major festival is a question for the future; but there is little doubt that the natural surroundings merit one. For the present, however, promotion had better be no more than mezzo-forte and in a minor key.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Fiction

Continued from page 16

find anything except a scratch pad. Taking the path of least resistance in this wilderness of red tape is young Humphrey Hogan, a happy-go-lucky grade seven employee who has only a scant ambition to be grade eight. Humphrey's dormant will-to-success is finally awakened by love (with an ambitious secretary) and he is galvanized into taking the initiative—always a dangerous move in government circles. The agitation caused by Humphrey's unseemly energy is the stuff of Mr. Drohan's frequently amusing novel. If "Come with Me to Macedonia" belabors the obvious too vigorously, it must be admitted that the obvious in this case makes a splendidly vulnerable target.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

SPRITELY TALE: "I find it difficult to keep up with you these days," says a young BBC announcer named Laurence Manders to his fiancee in Muriel Spark's **"The Comforters"** (Lippincott, $3.50). And small wonder, since the young lady has a most intriguing form of paranoia. The trouble with Caroline is that she imagines that she and her friends are all characters in an ectoplasmic novel being written by a disembodied novelist, a ghost writer who is the real McCoy. Consequently, much of Caroline's conversation and reverie comes back to her in the past tense, accompanied by the tapping of an eerie typewriter. All of this unsolicited literary composition is enough to send Caroline into a Catholic retreat (she is a recent convert) and then out again in search of a hiatus in her mental playback. Caroline's friends, though kindly, all have compulsions of their own which interfere with their helpfulness. Laurence has a snooping mania, which involves them in an automobile crash. His mother is a relentless do-gooder, and her passion almost brings poor addled Caroline to a premature end. Her friend the Baron, an eccentric bookseller, has an obsession concerning diabolism. And Laurence's seventy-eight-year-old grandmother, the only untroubled soul in the lot, is a cheerful felon who transports diamonds in tins of homemade preserves (her address is Smugglers' Retreat).

In the remarkably deft hands of Mrs. Spark, all of these delusions and compulsions are strangely jolly, and become the vehicle for satiric insight rather than morbidity: "The Comforters" is actually a latter-day "Crotchet Castle" in which contemporary whimsicalities are brilliantly

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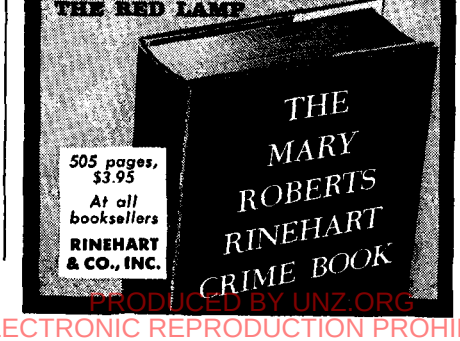

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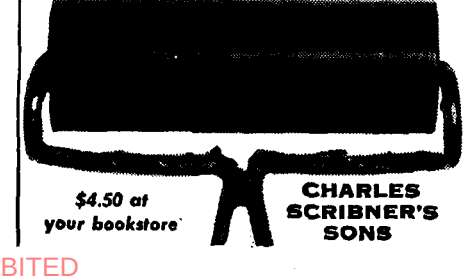

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played off against each other. This is the author's first novel, though she has written considerable criticism and poetry, and it displays a degree of polish not customarily found in an initial effort. —M. L.

COUNT'S PROGRESS: Keith Botsford's **"The Eighth-Best-Dressed Man in the World"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) deals with the middle years of the last Count Casasola, an Italian nobleman of no means, but of considerable elegance, taste, and attractive appearance. He emigrates to the United States in the days before World War I, during the war he makes his mark as the best-dressed American soldier, eventually lands in Hollywood as husband and co-star to a great silent diva, suffers the frustrations usually associated with that city, and finally ends up in Italy, married to a girl nineteen years his junior and cuckolded by the narrator of the book.

The novel covers a span of twenty years. The action takes place in Rome, New York, Hollywood, Florence, and an Adriatic villa. It is narrated by the Count's good friend—at least he is a friend part of the time—in a welter of flashbacks and recent scenes. The action ends some time in 1937.

For me Count Casasola's haphazard, often mystifying actions do not add up to much. I am not moved—and I wish I were—by the personal tragedy of a nobleman and esthete living in a republican, mass-produced world. I could easily be moved by such a story, were Mr. Botsford's characters something more than mere formal shadows, his dialogues something besides exposition. This is regrettable, because Mr. Botsford's story is basically a promising one, but under a different and much deeper treatment. Moreover, Mr. Botsford is an able user of the English language, only he uses it as language and not as the medium of expression of a worthwhile idea.

—JOHN H. SECONDARI.

ALMANACH DE BEVERLY HILLS: Some time ago it occurred to a Hollywood author named Libbie Block that life among the motion picture colony was "much like that of the royal courts." Intrigued by this whimsy, which must have seemed like a wonderful idea at the time, Miss Block has written a Hollywood tour de force in the manner of a historical novel. And so, in **"The Hills of Beverly"** (Doubleday, $3.95) we are treated to a cast of movie barons and their vassals, who quaff matzoh ball soup, stud their dialogue with many a "perforce," and refer to loot as "moneys." The principal jouster in this extended conceit is a knight of All Arts Studio who bears the Jane Austenish moniker of James D'Arcy and is engaged in tilting for big moneys with some New York bankers. As a sideline, Mr. D'Arcy pursues Mrs. Sophie Staver, wife of another celluloid nobleman. How D'Arcy keeps his uneasy throne in Smogville, and how Mrs. Sophie hangs on to her husband, a singularly flaccid movie mogul, provide the main events in Miss Block's fable.

While there is evidently intrigue aplenty among the movie bunch—as well as conspicuous consumption, naughty weekends, and high jinks at the "industry dinners" that are the mainstay of the social season—there is just not enough class to flesh the author's prospectus. The epic manufacturers of Miss Block's Peerage don't bleed blue no matter how frequently they are knifed, and their involvements in "The Hills of Beverly" smack of the operas of soap.

—M. L.

LAID TO REST: The funeral of a greatly popular and vastly misunderstood mayor of a small Pennsylvania coal town is the center of James Reichley's novel **"The Burying of Kingsmith"** (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50). Nathaniel Kingsmith died a hero's death on a Korean battlefield and the occasion of his death sees the gathering of political opportunists, relatives, friends, mistresses, and social satellites of the powerful Davies family—the ruling house to which Kingsmith was joined. Although the story centers on Kingsmith, Mr. Reichley has chosen to deal with a group of people on whose lives the life and career of Kingsmith impinged. Kingsmith's widow, her lover, his onetime mistress, his half-brother—they all attend the funeral for a variety of reasons. The tangle of motives runs a long, snarled course and Mr. Reichley cannot be accused of laziness in plot construction.

Unfortunately, the story is a long, limp, and tiresome affair. The air of stifling languor keeps a potentially vital story from engaging our attention.

—DAVID KARP.

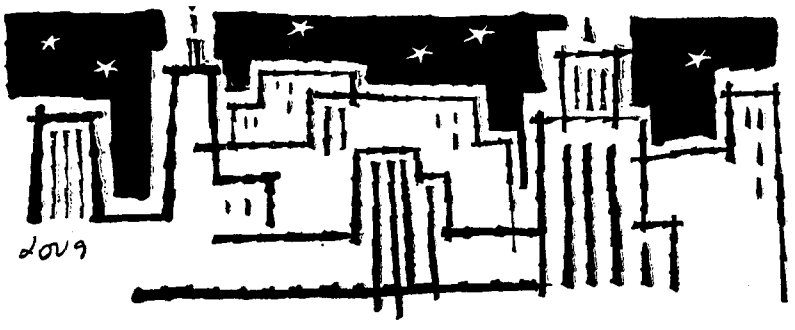
VARIED SITUATIONS, UNVARIED FORMULA: Of the eleven stories in Robie Macauley's collection, **"The End of Pity"** (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.50), four deal with World War II material and situations. A characteristic central figure of all of them is a junior officer serving in the Counter-Intelligence Corps. The nature of his assignment quite plausibly permits him an acute sense of observation. His modest military status, on the other hand, allows him to be conscious of and responsive to ambiguities which are either ignored or unperceived by his superiors.

Out of these twin components Robie Macauley constructs his themes and relationships. The structure is essentially the same in the remaining seven stories, which are contemporary and civilian but concern themselves similarly with a cloak-and-dagger approach to domestic tension, academic intrigue, and literary scholarship. The results are entertaining and perceptive, yet it is not accurate to say, as Macauley's publishers do, that the stories "stand apart from the current fashions in fiction."

They stand, on the contrary, precisely in the center of contemporary literary principles. In the light of their technical likeness to the philosophy of counter-intelligence, they could stand nowhere else. The quality which distinguishes Macauley from most of the practising short story writers of the moment is the variety of his situations. This variety has given him on the surface an editorial appeal that includes but can also go beyond the literary quarterlies.

The basic formula is unvarying. Instead of boy separated from his girl we have in each of these stories the stereotype of boy separated from his culture. These are tales of the sensibility that is too acute for its milieu, of the mind that is too introspective for commonplace relationships. Like most of the work of this general school of literary endeavor—poetry, criticism, plays—these stories are long on insights and short on narrative.

Like so much of contemporary poetry and criticism, these short stories often expire in anti-climax rather than mount to either statement or conclusion. They win many a prize in the annual anthologies, but they don't tend to reread any better than the average environmental joke bears retelling. —CHARLES FENTON.



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Boredom, Brainstorms, and Bombs

Continued from page 9

living to take on tedium-relieving functions.

The same rather touching introduction of the play element can be noted in the business office itself. Here we have a whole ritual of play, compounded of coffee breaks, office parties, first-naming, martini lunches, padded expense accounts, golf course deals, and Roman circus annual conventions, now a growing branch of show business.

In the "technique of ideation" known as "brain storming" the play tendency may also be discovered. Here is how brain storming is played: a group of sales or advertising executives sit around a table and think up ideas, as rapidly as possible, as far-fetched as may be, through a chain reaction of association. Later on these furious fancies are winnowed and the best ones applied to the promotion of the product. One brainstorm enthusiast, who has tried the game on women, finds that they take to it as "more fun than bridge or canasta." Here, in playing-to-order and with a specific commercial objective, we have an interesting mutation of the essence of play, which is spontaneity. J. Huizinga, the author of a classic dissertation, "Homo Ludens," would call such behavior "false play" or "puerilism."

To the same puerilistic universe belong: educators who regard the child as a "personality" to be made happy rather than as a mind to be made mature; the George Patton view of modern war as an improved football game; the gospel typified by the radio evangelist who announces as his motif "Living Should Be Fun"; "Togetherness," substituting for the oversevere domestic disciplines of our Puritan ancestors a consciously relaxed "fun morality" in which the barbecue pit and let's-all-watch-television replace family prayers and solitary reading; such linguistic growths as jive talk and adman jargon, springing from the same make-believe impulse as does the child's private language; and, most important, the religious prestige now enjoyed by sport, so marked in some communities that non-golfers are regarded as an inferior caste. (This is also true of those rash enough to confess they have no hobbies.)

One is ill-advised either to ridicule or condemn these tendencies. On the contrary they should be viewed seriously and even sympathetically. They are all symptoms of a vague collective conviction that the age of leisure is almost upon us, that we should do something about it, that this something is linked to the play impulse in all human beings, and that therefore we should (a) intensify diversion and (b) introduce play into areas where it formerly had no function.

Of these propositions only the last pair are questionable. We have seen, however, how human, how natural it is at first to assume their viability. Only within the last few years, I think, have we begun to see just how questionable they are and to make a few tentative gestures in the direction of an alternate mode of action, more difficult, more rewarding: the cheerful, unaffected but conscious training and exercise of the mind.

Superior leisure-class societies based on slavery discovered this mode of action in ancient Greece, developed it, and produced a unique culture. Our own society, which will be a leisure-class society based on machinery, may if it wishes do as well. The day may come when Presidential proclamations will state the civic duty of keeping our minds, as well as our bodies, fit; when incompetent plumbers, having given birth to the do-it-yourself movement, dispensers of canned opinion will give birth to the think-it-yourself movement; when the constructive use of leisure will prove attractive not because we're filled with an urge to become highbrows, but simply because we're bound to find out that a healthy mind, like a healthy body, is more interesting than a sick one and infinitely more interesting than a dead one.

Two considerations incline me to this sanguine view. The first is that unless we figure out ways and means of making the play of the mind salable to the great majority of us, we will have to face the boredom we have already noted, a boredom that may lead to social disaster.

The second consideration is more positive. It has been expressed by many, most clearly perhaps in an essay entitled "A Fortieth Reunion in 2156," by the distinguished psychoanalyst Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie, appearing in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin of* September 29, 1956. Peering into the possibilities held out by the next 200 years, Dr. Kubie sees "signs that we stand on the frontiers of [an] exciting new existence." This will come about when we have learned (as we are now learning) how to use all or a large part of our minds. "It is literally true," writes Dr. Kubie, "that no man has ever used more than a small fragment of his brain power. . . . And why is this? It is because [the brain's] psychological products are so organized that almost from birth we are continuously blocked by conflicts among internal factions. Each man grows up to resemble a pair of moose with horns locked in battle. He dies of a struggle which he wages with himself."

I THINK it only fair to assume that if we can be shown how "to free our enormous latent creative powers from the crippling and paralyzing domination of unconscious conflicts," we may develop almost as much enthusiasm for the play of the mind as we have already developed for driving a small, white ball into a slightly larger hole.

I am further encouraged by Dr. Kubie's second prophecy, which is no more and no less than that biological science is bound eventually to discover a means of stopping the process of physical decay. With an immortality of leisure facing us, I cannot believe that we will consent to degenerate into Struldbrugs.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 740

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 740 will be found in the next issue.

TDXQA QX SKW

DRQFWBXEO OERLDELW

YZ TERPQRG.

OYRLZWOOYC.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 739

A hermit is a deserter from the army of humanity.

—SOUTHGATE.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Fyodor Karamazov in "The Brothers Karamazov" by Fyodor Dostoevski. 2. Count Vronsky in "Anna Karenina" by Leo Tolstoy. 3. Clarence Colfax in "The Crisis" by Winston Churchill. 4. "Ethan Frome" by Edith Wharton. 5. Donald Farfrae in "The Mayor of Casterbridge" by Thomas Hardy. 6. Werther in "The Sorrows of Werther" by Goethe. 7. Blazes Boylan in "Ulysses" by James Joyce. 8. Harry Vane in "Peg Woffington" by Charles Reade. 9. "Cass Timberlane" by Sinclair Lewis. 10. Ayesha in "She" by H. Rider Haggard.

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AUGUST 31, 1957

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VAN BEINUM OF AMSTERDAM AND LOS ANGELES

By ALEXANDER RINGER

—*Netherlands Information Service*

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND.

THE Holland Festival was planned this year to reach its climax with two gigantic Mahler symphonies: the Ninth under Kubelik, followed a week later by the Third under van Beinum. Mahlerites, who hear these works only too rarely, came from far and wide for the occasion. After Kubelik's very musical rendition of the difficult Ninth curiosity increased. How would the Bruckner expert, van Beinum, approach this very different task? Curious, too, that van Beinum should turn to the very special domain of his illustrous predecessor, Mengelberg, only now after a quarter of a century of association with the Concertgebouw: last season the Sixth and the "Song of the Earth," next year the Seventh, this summer the Third, formally perhaps the most problematic of all.

A conversation with this truly remarkable musician reminds us that his career, now at its very height, was by no means meteoric. Born into a musician's family he played the viola in the Arnhem orchestra at the age of sixteen, having received his first violinistic instruction from his brother Co and the general taste of things from his father, a double bass player in the orchestra. There were also early piano lessons which revealed a considerable ability to read difficult pieces at sight. Later as a regular student at the Amsterdam Conservatory he majored in piano with a minor in theory and composition. Although he counted among his teachers two of Holland's best known composer-pedagogues, Bernard Zweers and Sem Dresden, he considers his piano lessons with J. B. de Pauw as the early fountainhead of his musical insights.

After his graduation van Beinum

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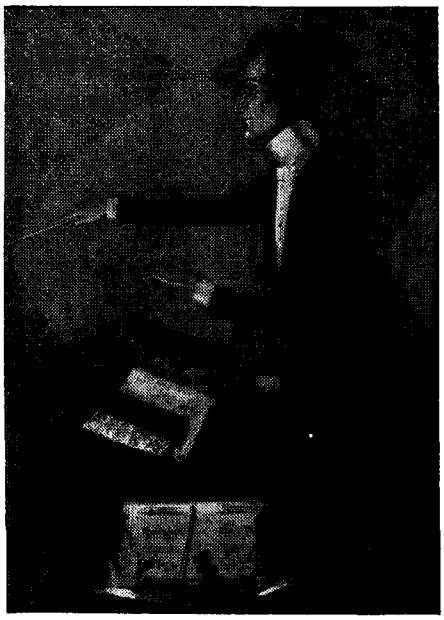

"The incomparable Karl Muck"—a *Vanity Fair* caricature (1899).

was in demand as a pianist. At the same time he assumed the direction of small provincial choruses, and, in the town of Zutphen, was able to muster an amateur orchestra as well. With them he embarked on such difficult adventures as Saint Saens' "Le Déluge" and Berlioz' "L'enfance du Christ."

VAN BEINUM had no particular aspirations as a major conductor when upon the urging of his fiancée (also a musician) he decided to apply for the vacant conductorship of the Haarlem orchestra in 1927. His opening program of Berlioz, Ravel, Chausson, and Brahms suggests the emphasis on French and German music characteristic of the later van Beinum. The Haarlem post was his, the years he spent there mutually advantageous. They also revealed his great love for Baroque music and his devotion to contemporary music especially of his own country. In 1931 the board of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra required a young man to replace the retiring second conductor, Cornelius Dopper, and logically turned to van Beinum, who had already earned the respect of the Amsterdam public through guest performances as both conductor and pianist. In September 1931 he directed his first Sunday subscription concert. Characteristically, the program contained the Eighth Symphonies of Beethoven and Bruckner.

In the 1930s, when Willem Mengelberg was at the very height of his nearly mythical fame, life with the great musical director was anything but easy for a second conductor of decidedly different temperament. Van Beinum remembers with a certain bitterness the periods of complete despair which followed upon disappointment after disappointment, sacrifice after sacrifice. With an iron fist Mengelberg had molded the Concertgebouw orchestra into Europe's foremost symphonic ensemble. The musicians were mercilessly subjected to his truly authoritarian will. They, as it were, swam in their leader's glory and the public lay shattered and happy at his feet.

To this personality cult van Beinum opposed an ideal of "personal-impersonal music making." He believes in the orchestra as a community of musical individuals devoted to the common search for the composer's original intentions under the guidance of an equal. "I regard myself as the *primus inter pares*," says van Beinum today, "no more and no less." Obviously, this clash of conceptions was conditioned not only by differences in temperament but by an unbridgeable gap between two generations. Mengelberg's attitudes clearly reflected his nineteenth-century roots, whereas van Beinum was one of the first of the more "objective" conductors, socially conscious and democratically oriented.

Gradually van Beinum's musical performances conquered a good portion of the public and the more open-minded critics as well. Mengelberg spent much time abroad and was often indisposed, which offered the second conductor many an opportunity to show his talents. Thus, there were sufficient compensations for him to refuse the full directorships of the nation's second and third ensembles, in the Hague and Utrecht, both offered in 1937. The complete freedom they promised was tempting, but he says today: "I owed it to the Concertgebouw and to myself to stick it out. I knew my time would come." 1937, too, marked his first important appearance abroad: a Russian tour with the Leningrad Philharmonic. His triumph was crowned unexpectedly when he was asked to stay on for a special concert to be devoted entirely to—Tchaikovsky. At first van Beinum declined, saying this was rather the specialty of his chief Mengelberg. The Russians' reply was as surprising as it was pertinent: it was exactly his understanding of the Viennese classical composers which had prompted their desire to hear him in the works of their national hero, for "Juliet must sound like the fearful innocent maiden which she was, instead of the courtesan to which she has been degraded."

In January 1938 the Concertgebouw finally recognized van Beinum's contribution by raising his position to that of first conductor immediately next to "the boss." At the end of his first concert the public gave him an unmistakably intended ovation. His ultimate promotion to eminence in the public eye, however, came during the terror years of Nazi occupation. Van Beinum's dignified and courageous reserve toward the enemy provided a bright contrast with Mengelberg's open collaboration. In 1941 under enormous pressure van Beinum visited Dresden, where he was received like a victor.

Soon after his return he put an end to the continued German solicitations by writing a personal letter to the German governor Seyss-Inquart, refusing henceforth to conduct on German soil or to participate in any functions of the occupying power; "My conscience forbids me to do so," he stated. For a married man with two growing boys this was indeed a dangerous step. But it was effective. The civil authorities never bothered him again. Only years later was he obliged to go into hiding for a period of three months when his name appeared on a list of hostages to be taken from Laren where he then lived. Forewarned by a loyal policeman as he approached the town on his bicycle late after a concert, he was able to escape.

WITH the end of the war the fame of van Beinum spread through Europe. He was now established as a man of broad musical interests, great technical skill, succinct taste, and independence of conception. The Amsterdam orchestra had long since learned to appreciate his extraordinary human qualities, the remarkable manner in which he realized his intentions. It was not as a result of Mengelberg's national disgrace and subsequent death (in exile) but because of his own mastership that he became the undisputed first musician of the Netherlands and—in the eyes of many—of Europe.

In 1948, after only a few rehearsals, the members of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, (a musicians' cooperative) asked him to become their permanent conductor. Never a friend of travel and guest appearances, the necessarily superficial nature of which has always irritated him, he decided to divide his time between Amsterdam and London. Unfortunately, the resulting physical and emotional efforts proved such that after a forced rest at the end of 1949 he had to stop working in July 1950 for nearly a year.

Van Beinum reflected a great deal

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during those seemingly idle months spent in hospital beds. "Since I was lying there," he says, "they put a radio next to me. Normally I don't listen to the darned thing, but now it changed my whole outlook. After the war I, too, had begun to conduct without score. Who after all does not know the standard repertoire completely from memory? Only when I heard all these frantic virtuoso performances of fast movements did it dawn upon me to what such vanity can lead. The score is an indispensable 'brake' reminding the conductor every second of his true function which is to serve the composer, not to subject him to his exhibitionistic desires. It was then that I promised myself: Should I ever again stand in front of an orchestra I shall use a score even for folksongs. And I suddenly understood the true meaning of a wise remark by the incomparable Karl Muck many years ago. Puzzled as to why he, who knew every score so thoroughly from memory, continued to turn pages, I put him the question frankly. He gave me a long look and accompanying his words with the appropriate motion of his hands he said: 'Young man, this gesture is so beautiful.'" He adds, by the way, that he is much too far-sighted to recognize anything while conducting but a general outline of the page before him.

Following the well-remembered United States tour of the Concertgebouw Orchestra in 1954, preceded and succeeded by personal guest appearances in many American cities, van Beinum was literally flooded with offers to stay. His decision to accept the Los Angeles offer was prompted by many considerations. Most prominent was the possibility to retain the directorship of his beloved Amsterdam orchestra which, he says, he will never voluntarily relinquish. He was also impressed by the enthusiasm, abilities, and devotion of the musicians concerned as well as the complete artistic freedom granted him by a sympathetic board.

HE admires American musicians in general, and those of the Philadelphia Orchestra in particular, for their willingness to work and learn, but he is extremely proud of his Los Angeles men. "Already now," he says, "they sound a little like the Concertgebouw. It's all in the way you handle them and study with them. I was shocked when after some time I was asked whom I wished to fire. And they were surprised when I replied: nobody. A good orchestra is made of good but by no means superior individual musicians. Give each the feeling that without him things will inevitably be different, and, above all, let him partake as a free man in that overwhelming experience which is the making of good music together, and any true musician will go along; for they all like music at its best." Van Beinum (who often helps his Amsterdam musicians select their instruments) had new sticks made for his kettledrum player in Los Angeles. New bells have been ordered and the players now use trumpets in C for classical works. Everybody seems to love these and other subtle changes; as when, occasionally, the maestro asks a player how fast he would like to perform a given solo passage.

Recently, in connection with his silver jubilee, van Beinum became the first musician to receive an honorary doctorate from Amsterdam's 325-year-old university. In a speech which dealt mostly with problems of public subsidy for music he expressed his ideal of so-called orchestral discipline as follows: "This style of musical performance essentially deemphasizes the all-overpowering individual personality in favor of a multi-faceted playing together of different personalities. It is directed toward a goal that goes far beyond the reach of the individual: the freeing of the phenomenon which has been captured in the notes and there awaits its liberation."

Thus, van Beinum's secret is, really, humility. At the Mahler rehearsals there were no harsh words, no violent gestures, only an occasional characteristic admonition: "Please, gentlemen, listen to each other. I can't do that for you." Yet, the mellowness of the eight horns was without equal, the string pianissimo a dream. After the performance, aptly described by one local critic as "Mahler's tragic triumph," van Beinum insisted that the first trombone player share in the applause at the side of soloist Maureen Forrester and the conductors of the boys' and women's choruses. "After all, I don't even play," he had told us the night before. And "I must get a representative of the orchestra on that Los Angeles board. Then we'll really be able to do something."

Of Mahler, van Beinum confesses that he has only begun to understand him after his last year's success with the Sixth Symphony, in which "Mahler stands before you completely naked but loaded with problems." At fifty-seven, with twenty-five years rich in experience behind him, van Beinum has much to give to the two great cities of Amsterdam and Los Angeles —also, one might imagine, to many between them.

—Netherlands Information Service.

The hall of the famous Concertgebouw in Amsterdam.

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—German Tourist Information Service.

Wieland and Wolfgang Wagner at a Bayreuth rehearsal.

BAYREUTH 1957

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

BAYREUTH.

BAYREUTH is now the most exciting experience in the contemporary musical theatre, although perfection is not always the keynote of the festival productions. Wieland and Wolfgang Wagner have the same problems as opera managers everywhere, above all a growing scarcity of voices healthy and powerful enough to withstand Richard Wagner's vocal demands. Everything takes on exaggerated proportions in Bayreuth, home of mad geniuses, heroes, and giants: the beauty and the boredom, the performances that start out at four in the afternoon, the long intermissions filled with sausages, beer, and leitmotivs, the acoustics (the best on earth) and the discomfort (the worst seats in the world), the emotion, and the pathos. This is a festival for people with physical stamina and a capacity for sustained climaxes.

Despite everything, Bayreuth is terrific. It has to be heard and seen to be believed. You can't escape the inspiring enthusiasm that seems to grip everybody from trumpeter to tenor. The final rehearsals of "Meistersinger," "Tristan," and "Parsifal" began on three successive nights at seven and lasted until two in the morning. Elsewhere the artists, musicians, and stagehands would revolt and there would be dark threats by union bosses. Here no one complained though most people, including the listeners, didn't want to hear a single note any more. The Wagner brothers have achieved the ideal of Grandfather Richard's total theatre, a blending of all components—music, staging, lights, voices, excitement, and enthusiasm—into a magnificent entity.

My problem at Bayreuth—and it gets worse every year—is that a considerable part of Grandfather's work is uninspired, banal, pompous, second-rate, and simply boring. You sit through the slow-motion music of the first act of "Walküre" waiting for the love duet, and then you find yourself waiting unhappily for Wotan's Farewell. As you get older, the waiting periods seem to get longer and longer. During my adolescent stage of youthful Wagnerianism I thought "Lohengrin" wonderfully romantic and the "Ring" powerfully exciting. I didn't laugh when I read that Grandfather had said—mind you, he wasn't joking—that during a good "Tristan" performance the audience should go nuts. Gradually I got tired of the romantic nonsense of the earlier Wagner works and of the sentimental pathos and silly mysticism of the "Ring." During "Tristan" this year, Grandfather would have been satisfied with me: there were moments—long half-hours, I should say—when I thought I was going nuts, though, I'm sorry to say, not the way Grandfather from Wahnfried had meant it. For one who has always lived with music—the divine inspiration of Mozart, the granite architecture of Bach, and, certainly, the immortal beauty of "Meistersinger"—it is an ordeal to have to listen to Isolde's outbreaks in the first act and to Tristan's feverish dreams in the last. What remains are some great, unforgettable moments in the second act and the Liebestod, and nightmarish stretches of desperate pathos, while you feel sorry for the singers ruining their voices. Obviously I am still a minority dissenter, because there wasn't a ticket available for months for this year's Bayreuth productions. I'm not so sure though that all those who make the pilgrimage to the Green Hill of Bayreuth (preferably in a Mercedes 300) are real enthusiasts. A great many diplomats, captains of industry, and assorted VIPs with their ladies seem to go there because it's now the thing to do; insiders in Bayreuth estimate that not more than one-fourth of the festival audience are the hard core of enthusiasts who would cheerfully cut Wieland's and Wolfgang's throats if they would dare cut a single note in "Tristan." Most of the enthusiasts are adolescents, some in their twenties and others in their sixties, who soak happily in the sound of horns and the repetition of leitmotivs. Some are those who come back to Bayreuth because it brings back something to them that no longer exists. Those are really pathetic because they misunderstand the Bayreuth renaissance.

The four "Ring" productions are still the most important of the festival. In many respects they are stunning productions. The opening scene of "Rheingold," when the stage and the auditorium seem to be flooded by the blue-green waters of the Rhine, is memorable; so is the closing scene of the last day, "Götterdämmerung." Wieland's productions change every year; he still isn't satisfied, striving for more clarity and simplicity. He has thoroughly de-Germanized the Teutonic heroes and demoted Walhall's Gods. By now Wotan has become a sort of Chicago gangleader, surrounded by a mob of scheming henchmen, who goes from perfidy to betrayal. He is delighted to trade his daughter for his new palace and sarcastic about the desperate plea of the Rhine maidens who ask him to get them back the gold. In case some nationalistic diehards should raise hell, Wieland has his arguments ready, and they are Grandfather's arguments. (Wieland is a tough man to argue with because he knows the work and the intentions of Richard Wagner so well.) He maintains that Wotan and Siegfried are the two

(*Continued on page* 46)

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OPERA FOR EAR ALONE

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

IN A world supplying few superb performances of the greatest operas, an ardent operamane must eagerly accept other operatic pleasures. One of these, of course, is that of seeing the same operas many times, thus being able to contrast the interpretations of different conductors, singers, and stage-designers. Another of these secondary pleasures is, or should be, that of hearing for the first time a new opera or the singing of an opera known by name and perhaps reputation, but previously unexperienced. I have just listened to recordings of four operas I had never previously heard. I grasped at them eagerly. I should have been more selective and less hopeful: the four recordings supply a very complex mixed bag.

The four operas, in chronological order by the dates of their original stagings, are: Jean-Jacques Rousseau's "Le Devin du Village" (1752, never played at the Metropolitan); Mozart's "La Finta Semplice" (1769, never played at the Metropolitan); Giacomo Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" (1836, last heard at the Metropolitan during the 1914-1915 season); and Peter Cornelius's "Der Barbier von Bagdad" (1858, last heard at the Metropolitan in the 1927-1928 season).

Rousseau's "The Village Soothsayer" (Angel 35421, $4.98) would never lead an uninformed listener to suspect it of being a philosopher's work; nor need it be categorized as fair music-making for a literary man. In fact, it is a delicious *opera buffa* made of charming, sweetly pastoral music wedded with great expertness to its French text. Little wonder that, after its *première* before Louis XV and Mme. de Pompadour at Fontainebleau in 1752 and its second *première* in Paris shortly after, it became exceedingly popular and for a long time remained so. As heard in this nicely calculated and scrupulously honest recording, it has attributes of a fine Spring day in the country. Louis de Froment leads the chamber orchestra and soloists, really leads them, in all of the right directions. Janine Michaeu charmingly conveys the simplicity, coquetry, and stylized infatuation of the shepherdess Colette; Nicolai Gedda is similarly excellent as the erring Colin; and Michel Roux as the Soothsayer manages to project the bumbling humor of his role without ever mistaking himself for Dr. Dulcamara. The useful booklet included with the record provides the entire French text and a fragrantly antique English translation by no less than Dr. Charles Burney, who knew Rousseau well.

The recording of Mozart's "The Pretended Simpleton" (Epic SC 6021, $7.96) is very brightly performed. Bernhard Paumgartner conducts the Camerata Academica of the Salzburg Mozarteum and the seven soloists, of whom only Alois Pernestorfer (the Don Cassandro) was previously known to me by name. He and Dorothea Siebert, who sings the Hungarian baroness, Rosina, are very good indeed; none of the singers falls disaffectingly below the level of enjoyability. But the recording gives no grounds for appraising Mozart's adolescent opera. The recitative—a matter of the first importance in the continuity of *opera buffa*—is missing. Worse, as Dr. Paumgartner himself blandly writes: "It goes *without saying* [italics mine—H. W.] that a few cuts had to be effected here and there in the arias. . . ." What Epic has allowed us, in sober fact, is no more than a bouquet of arias, duets, and other concerted numbers from "La Finta Semplice," not the opera itself.

But what Dr. Paumgartner has done to Mozart, whose reputation is now safe beyond the reach of such editing, is very minor if set beside what has been done in Westminster OPW 1204, ($7.96) to poor Giacomo Meyerbeer —whose present reputation is a wreck beached far from the water's edge. Westminster has had the courtesy to label the album "Abridged"—which, though an abysmal understatement, is greatly preferable to the false claims implied on many album labels from many companies. In this "abridged" version of "The Huguenots" the first act is not represented at all. Arias, duets, and other ensembles are omitted and cut to shreds. Often the whole musical texture is flagrantly misrepresented. In some duets one of the voice parts is omitted; an orchestral passage described in the accompanying booklet as "Symphonic Interlude: The Feast" shows up in the score as only the accompaniment to a gourmets' chorus beginning "Bonheur de la table"! Jean Allain conducts without insight or authority the Pasdeloup Orchestra, the Académie Chorale de Paris, and a collection of seven very dim stars. Most of all composers, Meyerbeer requires technical brilliance for the mere maintenance of life. Here he is left dead and perhaps in travesty, his robes dirty and askew, his crown toppled off.

YET the best is last. Peter Cornelius's "The Barber of Bagdad" on Angel 3553 ($10.96) provides genuine, if minor, musical pleasure. Erich Leinsdorf conducts stylishly the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus of six soloists of unwavering excellence: Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (Margiana), Grace Hoffman (Bostana), Oskar Czerwenka (the Barber), Gerhard Unger (the Cadi), Nicolai Gedda (Nureddin), and Hermann Prey (the Caliph). The attractive pseudo-Oriental cryings of the three *muezzins* are exquisitely handled by Eberhard Wächter, August Jaresch, and Rudolf Crist. Cornelius himself turns out to be a sort of Teutonic Rossini, "The Barber of Bagdad" a German equivalent of "L'Italiana in Algeri." Sentiment and amorous lyricism are thicker and more pervasive than in most Italian *opera buffa,* but never so whipped up as to cloy. The text is frequently alight with genuine fun, some of the rhyming being worthy of W. S. Gilbert or Cole Porter, as in the hilarious canonic trio in Act II. The recording begins with Cornelius's original brief B minor Overture; a separated band at the end of the last record side gives us also the second, D major, Overture, which Cornelius wrote at Liszt's suggestion—and which Liszt probably orchestrated.

If you enjoy lush melody, expert orchestral writing, swift verbal humor, and some rowdy fun, hear "Der Barbier von Bagdad"; or "Le Devin du Village" if you can sometimes take your musical pleasure simply and without intensity. "La Finta Semplice," as recorded, will supply you with several Mozartean inspirations of not quite the first order. From the recording of "Les Huguenots" you will get nothing, I am afraid, but a sense of wonder that so botched a version so poorly played and sung should have seemed to anyone worth either recording or issuing. Let us hope that a promised complete recording of "Les Huguenots" will be really complete (in French), and that it will have seven first-magnitude stars, a great conductor, and a sense of terrible theatrical urgency. With anything less, I am afraid, Meyerbeer will always taste like ashes in the mouth.

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Recordings in Review

A Prokofiev Premiere

RAVEL: *Sonata.* HINDEMITH: *Sonata No. 3.* PROKOFIEV: *Sonata (opus 115), Melodies for Violin, opus 35a. Joseph Szigeti, violin, with Carlo Bussotti, piano.* Columbia ML 5178, $3.98.

JOSEPH SZIGETI'S devotion to the violin and its literature, old and new, is hardly a novel fact, but it has rarely yielded so much in so little space. Whether in the suave Ravel, the thewy Hindemith, the rigorous Prokofiev of the unaccompanied sonata, or the more relaxed one of the early "Melodies," Szigeti is at one with their stylistic problems and the difficulties posed by the writing.

Each of the works is not only presented with a full sense of the values it contains, but also in a way to establish it as worth hearing again and again. In the Ravel, a minor classic of that Minor master, this is no revelation, for it has enjoyed a connoisseur's esteem since it was completed in 1927. However, Szigeti shows us in the Hindemith of 1935 and the Prokofiev of 1947 that consequential music is being added to the violinist's repertory decade by decade.

My interest is focused on the "new" Prokofiev which Szigeti sponsored in his series of contemporary sonatas heard last year in Zurich, New York, and elsewhere. Why it has waited ten years for an American introduction on discs is baffling, for it is in the grand line of works for unaccompanied violin from Bach to Ysaÿe and Bartok. Cocoonlike, it is spun from the threads of its own stuff, sustained by a powerful sense of melodic line and the regard for the instrument's capacities Prokofiev has demonstrated so well in his concerti and earlier sonatas.

Magaloff—"serious, musical, tasteful."

Almost as newsworthy as the Prokofiev première is the skilful microphoning of Szigeti's sound. It has everything wanted in clarity, without accentuating its rough edges. Indeed, it is revealing to note how well the *ponticello* (on the bridge) effects in Ravel are distinguished from ordinary bowing. Bussotti does his work well, in the spirit of those admirable partners Szigeti has previously sought out (Foldes, Magaloff, and Hambro among others).

Mazurkas by Magaloff

CHOPIN: *Mazurkas Nos. 1 to 50. Nikita Magaloff, piano.* London LLA-53, $11.94.

FOR THE FIRST TIME in recording history a company other than RCA Victor (or its former affiliate, HMV) has ventured into the field of a Chopin issue covering three discs. Previously we have had Etudes complete on a single LP, or Nocturnes on two, but London's major status is attested no less by the appearance of this thoroughgoing effort than by the complete sequence of Beethoven sonatas for cello and piano. I am sure that all (RCA Victor included) will look on this "Share the work" movement with favor as something that can only promise well for the phonograph.

The immediate question is, however: how does Magaloff's achievement measure to the standards that prevail in this literature—namely, those created by Artur Rubinstein? The answer is not difficult to come by, or to express: only partially. Serious it certainly is, and painstaking, also musical, tasteful, and all the good things that can be said short of the ultimate. There are few sins of commission (unless caution and a slight excess of thought can be considered in that category), but much that could have been done is left undone.

I refer especially to such matters as rhythmic accentuation, dynamic contrast, melodic malleability, and emotional coloration. Magaloff tends to be a purist in most of these considerations, limiting himself to small helpings of each. Chopin, I am afraid, requires the gourmet approach, in which more gusto and less tonal asceticism prevail. The latter works (on sides 5 and 6) have more of the wanted freedom of impulse, but it is somewhat belated as far as the whole sequence is concerned. The presentation is chronological, which is an acceptable choice among several possibilities. I don't think, in this particular case, it affects the final results (with their lack of interpretative variety) very much. The reproduction is all it should be.

Otterloo Coming Up

BEETHOVEN: *"The Creatures of Prometheus." Willem van Otterloo conducting the Hague Philharmonic Orchestra.* Epic LC 3366, $3.98.

THANKS TO EPIC'S determined program on behalf of native Dutch artists (the Holland-based Philips Company originates this catalogue) Willem van Otterloo now has a score of LP recordings in his name. And thanks to Van Otterloo's determined usage of this opportunity, his name now has considerably more meaning than it did when I heard him conduct the opening concert of a Holland Festival half a dozen years ago. This was a not very suitable program in a particularly unsuitable hall in the Hague. The result was more of a blight than a benefit for him, personally.

Six years and two dozen LPs later Van Otterloo impresses one as among the ablest younger European conductors in the bracket below the one occupied by Karajan and van Beinum. Whether it was the recent Mahler No. 4 or Morton Gould's "Spirituals," a Bruckner Fourth of several years ago or accompaniments for various concerti, his name has come to suggest sound musical work. A little stolid, perhaps, but always with a thorough knowledge of the score in hand, and a firm understanding that it is more important than its interpreter.

His latest venture is also his most successful. Beethoven's "Prometheus" music has always enjoyed a special affection with those who know it, but the opportunities to hear more than the overture have been limited. Van Otterloo does the total ballet sequence of sixteen sections, with the final variations (later elaborated by Beethoven into his "Eroica" symphony finale) as a proper climax to the whole. I do not contend that each of them is an indispensable example of the greater Beethoven, but together they give us an insight into his conception of the ethical in music. There are, in various aspects of the "Pro-

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metheus" music, hints of such things to come as the "Eroica," the "Coriolanus" and "Egmont" overtures, the "Hymn of Thanksgiving" in the "Pastorale," even the Ninth Symphony itself. The strength and clarity of Van Otterloo's direction are much to his credit. Full-fashioned, well balanced sound.

Funny Louie

LOUIE'S LOVE SONGS. *Lou Carter.* Golden Crest CR 3010, $3.98.

FIRST THERE WAS Abe Burrows. Then there was Tom Lehrer. Now we offer, as a companion or honor in this company of zanies, Lou Carter of Newark, New Jersey, Jimmy Dorsey's band and Boston. Jazz musicians, particularly band musicians, are celebrated for a species of humor all their own, as attested in Tom Dorsey's recording of "Are all of my favorite bands playing?", B. Goodman's "Shirt Tail Stomp," etc. Carter takes off from this plane into a world of nonsense all his own.

It is the world of the sentimental popular song, but one in which the tear has become a sneeze in "I Caught A Cold in My Heart," loneliness has become introversion in "The Murals on the Wall," and the back home attitudes are mercilessly burlesqued in dead-pan, so that a Frenchman, for example, might think Carter was really out West in the one entitled "Only a Room in the Cellar but it is my Home on the Range," with its clip-clop background and faintly Grofe strings. Only a slight whine in the voice proclaims Carter's ulterior purpose, but anyone satiated with the cuteness of most lyric writers will welcome "Whattsa matter wit me."

What distinguishes Carter from the Burrows-Lehrer axis is that he is basically an excellent musician with a responsive voice. Thus he is able to take off the stylistic mannerisms of vocalists as well as "vocals." The composition of the supporting group is not identified, but I suspect they are top-flight men doing a job for "kicks" and the love of Louie. Funny stuff.

Here's a Howdee-Do

OFFENBACH: *"La Périchole" (Condensed). Patrice Munsel, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, etc., with Jean Morel conducting.* RCA Victor LOC 1029, $4.98.

LEST THE READER blink and wonder where he has seen the item above-mentioned previously, it may be identified as the same condensation of the Metropolitan's "Périchole" reviewed in the May 25, 1957 issue of RECORDINGS. In that comment it was identified as a product of the Metropolitan Record-of-the-Month Club. It may now be identified as the first product of the Columbia engineering facilities to be issued on the RCA Victor label. (I hope no one seizes upon it to extol Nipper's new orthophonic curves.)

Presumably the Metropolitan will profit from the additional sales made possible by this over-the-counter distribution, but it hardly shows the best of faith toward those who subscribed to its mail order service, especially as the original announcement of the project and its appeal for consumer cooperation stated, over the signature of Rudolf Bing: "The recordings will be sold through mail-subscription only."

For those who missed the original comment mention might be made that it is only a partial reproduction of the gay experience "Périchole" was at the Metropolitan last winter. The sequence is disrupted by shrinking the total to the time limits of the two LP sides, and a spoken narrative has been contrived for Ritchard to explain the omitted action. More damagingly, he was apparently coached to take his vocal abilities seriously for recording purposes, which reduces the amusement content of the whole by about a half. It would be hard, as I said previously, for anyone hearing this record to understand the enthusiasm of the press and public for the Metropolitan's lively, "live" "Périchole."

—*Louis Mélançon.*

Act III in the Met's version of "La Périchole."

Valenti Running Strong

SCARLATTI: *Longo Nos. 159, 182, 193, 194, 230, 351, 367, 372, 380, 478, 484, and Longo Supplemento No. 41. Fernando Valenti, harpsichord.* Westminster XWN 18460, $3.98. *Nos. 1, 9, 19, 38, 61, 196, 197, 313, and 467, Longo Supplemento Nos. 14, 17, and 37. The same.* Westminster XWN 18461, $3.98.

WHILE THE WORLD of athletics takes note of the way in which man has risen to shatter the long-standing challenge of the four-minute mile, it might be appropriate to say a few words on behalf of Fernando Valenti and the musical marathon to which he has committed himself: the recording of the five hundred-odd sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti. The present issues are Volumes 17 and 18 in the recorded sequence, and are noted as an anniversary offering, Scarlatti having died in July 1757.

I haven't heard all sixteen of the predecessors, but it strikes me that Valenti has sustained his interest in the project remarkably, while profiting from the enrichment any such concentrated effort must provide. I don't hear any works in the two dozen of these two discs which strike me as "familiar": rather, there is a constant revelation of new harmonic and contrapuntal resources, a command of the musical vocabulary which makes Scarlatti a fitting companion to the two other geniuses born in 1685: Bach and Handel. The conception of modulation in such a work as No. 196 in B flat has a strength and variety as absorbing as the melodic facility of the very first in C major. And quite apart from the marvelous music itself, Valenti's range, his coloristic sense mark him as one of those rare artists capable of vitalizing whatever interests him. Fortunately for us, it is D. Scarlatti.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Concerto in D minor. Haydn: Concerto in D major. Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord, also conducting. Capitol P 8375, $3.98.	Marlowe's command of her chosen instrument is marked by more fluency, a greater crispness of rhythm than ever before. As she was always an accomplished technician, this gives her rank with the best exponents of her instrument. The joint task of shaping solo and ensemble line is successfully accomplished, though the emphasis is more on line and texture than deeper-lying meanings. The sound is adversely affected by the use of a dead studio and closeup microphoning.
Bartók: Divertimento for String Orchestra. Ives: "The Unanswered Question," Milhaud: Symphony No. 4, Skalkottas: Little Suite. Lukas Foss conducting the Zimbler Sinfonietta. Unicorn LP 1037, $3.98.	A provocative sequence of works, energetically conducted by Foss, and superbly played by the virtuoso ensemble of Boston Symphony musicians. The Bartók is without question the best music on the disc—moody, passionate and unpredictable, but always elaborated with a sure artistic sense. The Ives piece is full of arresting ideas, the working out of them not always convincing. The Milhaud and Skalkottas scores each have a degree of interest if not much that is esthetically rewarding. Roger Voisin is the trumpeter for the Ives. Peter Bartók's participation as sound engineer is a factor of worth.
Bizet: "Carmen" Suites Nos. 1 and 2. "L'Arlésienne" Suites Nos. 1 and 2. Artur Rodzinski conducting. Westminster XWN 18230, $3.98.	If there are any doubts about Rodzinski's status among contemporary conductors, this disc should dispel them. It catches the ear first for the wonderfully unified, finely centered tone of the orchestra—an old Rodzinski secret—then through successive revelations of taste, knowledge and the organizational talent for turning these resources into productive artistry. The solo turns are well taken by the fine English instrumentalists, the total sound a reminder of the time when "Westminster" was a guarantee of high values.
Mahler: Symphony No. 4. Willem van Otterloo conducting the Hague Philharmonic Orchestra, with Teresa Stich-Randall, soprano. Epic LC 3304, $3.98.	Otterloo brings considerable conviction to this score, and a real sensitivity to its special world of fantasy and allusion. If he does not match the special personal projection of Bruno Walter (or the musicality of Van Beinum) he does give a strong sense of the work's emotional content. Stich-Randall's purity of voice is happily suited to the "Drei Engel" conclusion, the reproduction probably the best now available for this work.
Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 29, 30, 31, 32. Erich Leinsdorf conducting. Westminster XWB 18216, $3.98.	Another instalment in Leinsdorf's complete series, and one that shows him to be forthright, deft, and thoroughgoing in his treatment of these lesser known scores. The two best (A major No. 29 and D major No. 31, "Paris") both rank with the best performance on records, meaning that Leinsdorf is in the choice company of Beecham. I cannot enthuse about the recording, which is muffled and lacking in resonance for my taste.
Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 39 and 40. Karl Böhm conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Epic LC 3357, $3.98.	The solid conductor and the solid orchestra produce an interesting experience in Mozart, if not the most eloquent or stimulating now current. Böhm has given close study to the instrumental values in both much-played scores, and expounds them absorbingly. The introduction to the E flat is given its full wind-string richness, the finale of the G minor cunningly balanced. Excellent orchestral playing, and near-perfect reproduction.
Rimsky-Korsakoff: "Scheherezade." Ferenc Fricsay conducting the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra. Decca DL 9908. $3.98.	All sorts of care have gone into the making of this disc, from careful rehearsing to painstaking engineering, to the extent that spontaneity or freshness is mostly absent. A literal, conscientious "Scheherezade," but without the kind of flair required for a zestful experience. Good, but not outstanding, recording.
Rossini: "William Tell" Overture, Rimsky-Korsakoff: "Coq d'Or" Suite, Tchaikovsky "Marche Slave." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2100, $3.98.	Boston "Pops" versions of these works have always been among the best for a given period, and this successor to Victor 456 is a "William Tell" suitable for entry in the warhorse sweepstakes. The brass is a little too bright, the boom of the percussion more harsh than invigorating. In the "Coq d'Or" and "Marche Slave" proficiency is more conspicuous than sensitive artistry.
Strauss: "Blue Danube," "Vienna Woods," "Roses from the South," "Voices of Spring" and "Emperor" waltzes. Artur Rodzinski conducting Westminster XWN 18500, $3.98.	Another accomplishment of real credit to Rodzinski, in which the excellent ensemble (largely Royal Philharmonic) has a noteworthy part. Whether or not truly Viennese—it is a little strongly spiced for that—the style is eminently Straussian, with a fine sense of lyric string sound, poetic horn tone, and vibrant percussion. In one stretch of the "Emperor" he almost has the English strings dancing, something exceptional of itself. The recording is rich in relevant detail and well-proportioned bass.
Tchaikovsky: "Serenade," Barber: "Adagio," Elgar: Introduction and Allegro. Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony strings. RCA Victor LM 2105, $3.98.	First-class demonstration of the discipline now prevailing in the Boston Symphony's strings, though Munch's taste in tone is a little Frenchified for the swelling strains of Tchaikovsky. The Barber is sympathetically treated, the Elgar also. Note the duplications below.
Tchaikovsky: "Serenade," Barber: "Adagio," Borodin: "Nocturne," Vaughan-Williams: "Greensleeves" fantasy. Eugene Ormandy conducting the strings of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5187, $3.98.	I am duly impressed with the ability of the Philadelphia strings to fulfill the dazzling pace Ormandy sets in the first and last movements of Tchaikovsky, but the total is not Tchaikovsky for me. The shorter works are more suitably performed, especially the Barber, which is touched with a grave tenderness appropriate to it. Sargent's arrangement of the Borodin quartet excerpt and Vaughan-Williams's enlargement of the folk song are beautifully performed. Fine singing sound.
Verdi-Mackerras: "The Lady and the Fool." Charles Mackerras conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2039, $3.98.	John Cranko's ballet was not among the Royal Ballet's more distinguished productions, but the score has considerable interest, derived as it is from such little heard Verdi scores as "Alzira," "Vespri Siciliani," "Giovanna d'Arco," "I Due Foscari," "Attila," etc. Mackerras has merged them into a durable sequence and his spirited direction adds much to the whole. Excellent reproduction.
Vivaldi: Concerto in C, Telemann: Concerti in A minor and B flat, Haydn: Concerto in D. Urania UR 8005, $3.98.	None of the soloists in these works are identified (they are all for two flutes save the Haydn), but they share technical facility with musical awareness. Paul Anger is identified as conductor of all but the Haydn, which is attributed to the Scheck-Wenzinger Chamber Group. The Haydn has more appeal for me than the others. Adequate sound.
Walton: Symphony. Sir Adrian Boult conducting. Westminster XWN 18374, $3.98.	If I am not mistaken it was the appearance of this work which prompted Vaughan-Williams to write his Fourth Symphony, thus inducing at least one profitable outcome. At this distance its derivations from Sibelius are too conspicuous to encourage independent evaluation. Choiring brass, repetitions of short motival phrases, brooding silences and sudden outbursts may not be associated with Sibelius in Walton's mind, but the listener has little other choice. Boult's treatment is thoroughgoing, as is the reproduction. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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And Now O'Neill

By STANLEY GREEN

OCCASIONALLY of late it seems that serious, even somber works which have achieved success in other media have been scrubbed clean and prettied up for purposes of the song-and-dance theatre. All too often, whether Steinbeck, Sidney Howard, or Voltaire, such treatment has resulted in a hybrid entertainment, one that neither enhances the original nor achieves anything truly distinctive in its own right. Judging by the original cast recording, this is what has happened to Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie," which as "New Girl in Town" (Victor LOC-1027, $4.98) has been Abbottized into a fast-moving and gay affair, but one whose music, while containing some attractive enough atmospheric touches, is used in an almost peripheral manner, adding little to our understanding of the characters or the conflicts.

In his first Broadway score, Bob Merrill's best achievements are found in the rowdy and sentimental tunes that set the scenes at various places along the waterfront. Such numbers as "Roll Yer Socks Up" and "At the Check Apron Ball" convey the flavor of the period, and seem to spring naturally from the denizens of the locale. The delightfully orchestrated "The Sunshine Girl" may even start a new vogue for barbershop harmonizing. However, it is in his music for the principal characters that Mr. Merrill has let us down. The chief solos and duets—"It's Good to Be Alive," "Look at 'Er," "Where Was I?"—that should reveal the emotions of Anna and Matt, never probe very deeply, and nowhere are musical expressions employed to heighten their dramatic scenes. "On the Farm," the one song which should explain Anna's pent-up feelings as she thinks of her past, appears to have been written more for laughs than for compassion.

The less complex numbers of Marthy and Chris are, on the whole, more successful. The old man's "Anna Lilla" is simple and moving, and Marthy's "Flings" is a comic yet oddly touching testimonial to youth. But their duet, "Yer My Friend, Aintcha?" is ordinary, building up to an embarrassingly ancient wheeze. Of the performers, while Gwen Verdon, Thelma Ritter, George Wallace, and Cameron Prud'homme may not possess outstanding voices, nevertheless they manage to invest everything they do with credibility.

Altering the light-hearted, satirical "Ninotchka" into "Silk Stockings" (MGM E 3542, $4.98) for both the musical stage and screen was, of course, an easier task. In the celluloid version, Cole Porter's sometime ribald score has been kept almost intact, with all but two selections retained, two new ones added, and the lyrics receiving a minimum of laundering.

This is all rather surprising as the songs, while superior to most of the current Hollywood output, are still formula Porter, with many a reminiscent and oft-repeated idea. Fred Astaire brings his accustomed buoyancy to everything he has to do (he has to do practically everything), infusing new life into "Paris Loves Lovers" and "All of You." He also makes the two sprightly new items, "Fated to Be Mated" and "Ritz Roll and Rock," sound tailor-made, which they probably were. Janis Paige works hard over some fairly cumbersome ditties, "Stereophonic Sound," "Satin and Silk," and "Josephine," with the last named slightly rewritten so that Napoleon's "little bum" has become his "little chum." The singing voice of Carole Richards has been dubbed in for Cyd Charisse, whose job on the record is chiefly to provide song cues.

NEW *Classical* RELEASES

La Grande Pâque Russe (Russian Easter)
Tzar Saltan—Symphonic Suite
La Nuit De Mai—Overture (May Night)
(Above 3 works by Rimsky Korsakov)
Ernest Ansermet: l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. LL-1635

Götterdämmerung—Dawn and Siegfried's Rhine Journey
Götterdämmerung—Siegfried's Funeral March
Die Meistersinger—Prelude to Act I
Siegfried Idyll (Wagner)
Hans Knappertsbusch: Vienna Phil. Orch. LL-1586

Symphony No. 3 in D Major (Tchaikovsky)
Sir Adrian Boult: London Phil. Orch. LL-1442

Symphony No. 2 in D Minor (Dvorak)
Rafael Kubelik: Vienna Phil. Orch. LL-1606

Symphony No. 1 in C Minor (Brahms)
Joseph Krips: Vienna Phil. Orch. LL-1608

The Wand of Youth—Suite No. 1 (Elgar)
The Wand of Youth—Suite No. 2 (Elgar)
Eduard van Beinum: London Phil. Orch. LL-1587

An Album of Military Band Music
Band of the Grenadier Guards. LL-1622

Violin Concerto in E Minor (Mendelssohn)
Violin Concerto No. 1 in G Minor (Bruch)
Ruggiero Ricci. Pierino Gamba: London Sym. Orch. LL-1684

Piano Concerto in A Minor (Schumann)
Konzertstück in F Minor (Weber)
Friedrich Gulda (piano). Volkmar Andreae: Vienna Phil. Orch. LL-1589

Violin Concerto in D Major (Tchaikovsky)
Campoli (violin). Ataulfo Argenta: London Sym. Orch. LL-1647

Wilhelm Backhaus Plays Chopin LL-1556

Wilhelm Backhaus Plays Bach LL-1638

Sonata in A Major for Violin and Piano (Franck)
Sonata No. 1 in A Major for Violin and Piano (Faure)
Mischa Elman (violin) and Joseph Seiger (piano) LL-1628

Sonata No. 2 in A Minor for Violin and Piano
Sonata No. 3 in D Minor for Violin and Piano (Brahms)
Mischa Elman (violin) and Joseph Seiger (piano) LL-1630

Elman Recital
Mischa Elman (violin) and Joseph Seiger (piano) LL-1631

Sonata No. 2 in A Minor for Violin and Piano
Sonata No. 3 in D Minor for Violin and Piano (Brahms)
Ruggiero Ricci (violin) and Julius Katchen (piano) LL-1569

Quintet in E Flat Major for Piano, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn and Bassoon (Mozart) (K. 452)
Trio in E Flat Major for Piano, Clarinet and Viola (Mozart) (K. 498) LL-1609
Members of the Vienna Octet

Prélude à l'après-midi d'un Faune (Debussy)
Alborado del Gracioso (Ravel)
Danses Sacree Et Profane (Debussy)
Introduction and Allegro for Harp, Flute, Clarinet and String Quartet (Ravel)
Ernest Ansermet: L'Orch. de la Suisse Romande (Nos. 1 and 2)
Eduard van Beinum: The Chamber Music Society of Amsterdam (Nos. 3 and 4) LL-1552

Operatic Highlights for Orchestra—No. 4
Le Maschere—Overture (Mascagni)
Guglielmo Ratcliff—Intermezzo (Mascagni)
Suor Angelica—Intermezzo (Puccini)
La Wally—Prelude to Act 4 (Catalani)
Signor Bruschino—Overture (Rossini)
Luisa Miller—Overture (Verdi)
Norma—Overture (Bellini)
Linda di Chamonix—Overture (Donizetti)
Gianandrea Gavazzeni: Orchestra of Maggio Musicale Fiorentino LL-1600

Symphony No. 5 in E Minor (Dvorak)
Rafael Kubelik: Vienna Phil. Orch. LL-1607

Symphony in B Flat Major (Chausson)
Benvenuto Cellini—Overture (Berlioz)
Robert F. Denzler: Paris Conservatory Orch. LL-1505

Alceste-Overture (Gluck)
Manfred-Overture (Schumann)
Alcina-Overture (Handel)
Berenice-Overture (Handel)
Karl Münchinger: Stuttgart Chamber Orch. (Nos. 1 and 2)
Boyd Neel: Boyd Neel Orch. (Nos. 3 and 4) LL-1551

Hi-Fi with the Grenadier Guards
Band of the Grenadier Guards LL-1623

Two Hearts in ¾ Time
Robert Stolz: The Vienna Sym. Orch. LL-1555

Violin Concerto in One Movement (Paganini-Kreisler)
Violin Concerto No. 3 in B Minor (Saint-Saens)
Campoli (violin). Pierino Gamba: London Sym. Orch. LL-1624

Piano Concerto No. 1 in E Flat Major
Piano Concerto No. 2 in A Major (Franz Liszt)
Julius Katchen (piano). Ataulfo Argenta: London Phil. Orch. LL-1683

Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso* (Saint-Saens)
Havanaise* (Saint-Saens)
Zigeunerweisen† (Gypsy Airs) (Sarasate)
Legende† (Wieniawski)
Campoli (violin). Anatole Fistoulari and Pierino Gamba†: London Sym. Orch.* LL-1625

Wilhelm Backhaus Plays Brahms LL-1637

Nocturnes—Volume Two (Chopin)
Peter Katin (piano) LL-1499

Elman Encores
Mischa Elman (violin) and Joseph Seiger (piano) LL-1629

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albeniz: "Mallorca," "El Albaicin," "Asturias," "Cordoba," "Rondeña," and "El Corpus en Sevilla." Raphaël Arroyo, piano. London International TW 91151, $4.98.	Arroyo's name is an unfamiliar one, but he has all the competence to play this music convincingly. Included in his equipment are the lightness and delicacy for such works as "Mallorca" or "Rondeña," plus the breadth and dexterity for such a formidable pianistic problem as "El Corpus en Sevilla." Included in his background are studies with Cortot and Marguerite Long, mentors who are honored by his fine artistry. Superior recording.
Bach: Concerti (after Vivaldi) in G minor, F, G, D, G and C. Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord. Capitol P 8361, $3.98.	One has been hearing from time beyond recollection of the "Bach concerti after Vivaldi" but Miss Marlowe is the first artist—in my knowledge—to make an integral project of them. She furthers her reputation for scholarship in clear projection of their strong lines. Nor does she forget that there is content within the design. Her harpsichord attack is sometimes too muscular for resonant sound, especially in recording as acute as she has here.
Bach: Toccata in C minor, others by della Ciaia, Czerny, Alkan, Schumann, Prokofiev (opus 11), Debussy ("Pour le piano"), Ravel ("Tombeau de Couperin"), Jelobinsky, Lewenthal and Menotti. Raymond Lewenthal, piano. Westminster XWN 18362, $3.98.	Lewenthal accomplishes his appointed task with remarkable versatility, a considerable pianistic fluency, and a fine capacity to differentiate the styles of the composers represented. Not all are equally congenial to him, the fine performance of the magnificent Bach work (with two fugues) showing a degree of artistry not conveyed by the Debussy and Ravel, for example. Of special interest is the absorbing "Ricercare and Toccata," based by Menotti on a theme from his "The Old Maid and the Thief," a notable example of contrapuntal craft by one not celebrated for such skills. Very good piano sound.
Bartók: Sonata (1926), others of Prokofiev and Rozsa. Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol P 8376, $3.98.	A rather mixed bag of sonorities, with the most consecutive interest in the Prokofiev of 1917, which Pennario plays with a keen sense of its lyric content. He also makes an integrated experience of the Rozsa sonata (1948) which is more than can be said of the composer's derivative style. The Bartok is an experimental piece, more concerned with sonorities than emotional communication. The performances support the recent evidences of growth in Pennario's artistry.
Beethoven: Sonatas (opus 5, Nos. 1 and 2, opus 69, opus 102 Nos. 1 and 2), three sets of variations. Zara Nelsova, cello, with Artur Balsam, piano. London LLA 52, $11.94.	The first impression of this ambitious enterprise is that Balsam is taking the place of prominence due Miss Nelsova, but reflection reminds that such was the case with Schnabel and Fournier, indicating something about the way the works are written. However, she is still a little lacking in assertiveness in the later works where the cello has more prominence. The three records contain all the music written by Beethoven for cello and piano, including the delightful variations on themes of Handel and Mozart.
Beethoven: Sonatas (opus 12, Nos. 1 and 3). Leonid Kogan, violin, with Gregory Ginsburg, piano. Vanguard VRS 6029, $4.98.	Kogan's refinements of style and suavity of sound are of expectable advantage to these early works, his partner a pianist of uncommon abilities. Plainly they are practised in the arts of chamber music, not casual companions for a recording session. Not the ultimate in sound, but fair enough.
Bloch: Concerto Grosso No. 2, Richter: Lament, Antheil: Serenade. Izler Solomon conducting the MGM String Orchestra and the Guilet Quartet. MGM E 3422, $3.98.	A well chosen trio of works from the contemporary string literature ranging from the substance of Bloch to the flippancies of Antheil by way of the anomalous Richter. The Bloch of 1952 lacks the rugged strength of its celebrated predecessor but is remarkably constructed. Antheil's piece is full of influences by such improbable predecessors as Kreisler and Tchaikovsky done up as an aural montage, the Richter a study in sonorities resulting in what Ernest Newman recently described as "tonal doodling." Solomon treats them all with equal consideration, and a fine consistency of sound.
Lees: Quartet No. 1, Denny: Quartet No. 2. Juilliard String Quartet. Epic LC 3325, $3.98.	Two quartets of more than ordinary quality, produced for records through the cooperation of the Fromm Music Foundation. The Lees quartet is notable for a free flow of ideas, resourceful treatment of the medium and a considerable personality of expression. Denny's is rather more objective writing, but very well accomplished. The performances are both meticulous and animated. Fine recording.
Mozart: Quartets for flute and strings (K.285a, b, and K.298). Hubert Barwahser, flute, members of the Netherlands String Quartet. Epic LC 3368, $3.98.	Mozart wrote these works for a Dutch amateur of the flute he met in Mannheim in 1777 which may or may not explain their attractiveness to the excellent first flutist of the Concertgebouw orchestra and his able associates. The qualities they share are highly professional, the end products full of the zest and interest Mozart provided for the unconventional combination of instruments. In clarity and balance, the sound could hardly be bettered.
Palestrina: "Missa Brevis," "Missa ad Fugam," Bach: "O Lamm Gottes unschuldig," etc. Netherlands Chamber Choir conducted by Felix de Nobel. Epic LC 3359, $3.98.	Both works of Palestrina are beautifully sung, with a purity of texture and a cleanness of line that are admirably suited to the material. Also of positive value is the spacious frame for the sound provided by the use of a resonant hall or apt introduction of an echo chamber. However the impersonal timbre of the choir is not as appropriate to the Bach ("Herr liebster Jesu" and "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden" in addition to "O Lamm Gottes" etc.) and Handel ("Ecce Quomodo"). These, as well as Lotti's "Vere Languores Nostros" and "Crucifixus" and Lasso's "Adoramus Te, Christe" are devalued by the use of a small studio and a closeup microphoning.
Saint-Saëns: "Havanaise" and "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso." Sarasate: "Zigeunerweisen," Wieniawski: "Legende." Alfredo Campoli, violin, with the London Symphony conducted by Anatole Fistoulari and Pierino Gamba. London LL 1625, $3.98.	In such works as those of St. Saëns, Campoli's silky sound and refined way of manipulating it make for a high standard of violin playing. At bottom, however, his methods are more suitable to the salon than the concert hall (what would Kostelanetz give for an orchestra of Campolis?), the lack of personal force depriving the Sarasate and Wieniawski works of the special urge they possess. It is a pleasure to hear the orchestral backgrounds for music usually played with piano, the two conductors adapting themselves well to Campoli's special needs. Outstanding sound.
Soutullo y Vert: "La Leyenda del Beso." Dolores Pérez, Jose Picaso, Alberto Aguila and others conducted by Enrique Estela. Montilla FM 93, $4.98.	Familiar as we are with the Viennese concept of the Gypsy ("Zigeunerbaron"), the Italian ("Il Trovatore"), the French ("Carmen"), even the English ("Bitter Sweet") and American ("Naughty Marietta"), the Spanish comes as something of a novelty. The title relates to a gypsy who was seduced by a king and whose daughter (Amapola, beautifully sung by Mme. Pérez) returns to make life miserable for his son. A hereditary curse fortunately intervenes to prevent a Siegmund-Sieglinde union. The fluently attractive music is well sung by Pérez and the oddly-voiced Picaso, whose tenor timbre has a suggestion of flamenco. The printed text is over-economically confined to Spanish. Good sound. —I. K.

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Tapes in Review

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With this issue* RECORDINGS *inaugurates a monthly coverage of pre-recorded tape in all its aspects—monaural as well as stereophonic, popular, classical, experimental, etc. The department will be under the editorship of Mildred Norton, former music critic of the* Los Angeles Daily News, *and well known to* SR *readers for reports on music in the West Coast area.*

The Toch Detail

TOCH: *Symphony No. 3. William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.* Capitol stereo tape ZF-7, $19.95.

SO NEW IS THE field of stereophonic recording, and so limited its present frame of reference, that any critical evaluations or pronouncements can in no wise be regarded as categorical. However, among the tapes recently released, none better illustrates the value of comparative listening than the present Toch symphony, which in its only slightly earlier LP release by Capitol (P-8366) started off with the twin advantages of a fine performance and a first rate processing.

It is only when one hears the stereo version immediately after the disc that one realizes how much of detail and color was absent from the latter, and how greatly the restoration of these enhances the work's significance. Detail is the essence of Toch's writing; this, and a curious imperative to entrust the musical design rather too often to the inner voices. Unless these are cleanly brought out the result is apt to seem merely prolix and without unity.

Unity, to be sure, is scarcely the Third Symphony's strong point. What it does have, in abundance, are exotic, lucent timbres, icy melodies in an alpine register, bold engagements of percussive forces. Stereo's ability to capture such instrumental and harmonic subtleties, and present them, furthermore, with fidelity to Steinberg's own sure sense of balance, makes a strong case for the two-channel medium. However, the tape does not include the disc's overside bonus of Hindemith's "Mathis der Mahler," performed by the same ensemble.

From Kenton to Pitt

A STUDY IN STEREO: Capitol stereo tape ZH-2, $16.95.

HOWEVER FEW the releases so far available on stereo tape, there is no dearth of introductory packages, offered like musical hors d'oeuvres to whet the appetite for more substantial fare. This particular appetizer is more costly than the same company's "Intro to Stereo" (see PRERECORDED TAPES), but its contents are directed at a wider variety of musical tastes. These range from Stan Kenton to the Pittsburgh Orchestra, with each selection featuring some particularly persuasive attribute of the stereo medium.

Benny on Wolfgang

MOZART: *Concerto in A for Clarinet* (K. 622). *Benny Goodman, clarinet, with Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra.* RCA Victor stereo-orthophonic tape DCS-39, $12.95.

MOZART'S DECEPTIVELY limpid music might easily be overlooked in the first fine careless rapture of stereo's infatuation with tonal glamour, and therefore RCA's release on tape of this, his last concerto, is a gracious *Luftpause* in the recording industry's seeming determination to find an answer to CinemaScope. Unfortunately, though, this latest processing is no great improvement over the RCA disc (LM-2073), which was itself something less than an ideal performance.

Goodman's clarinet tone is clean and full, and his technical mastery well adequate to the considerable demands of the solo role, but in subtle phrasing and coloristic variety he cannot

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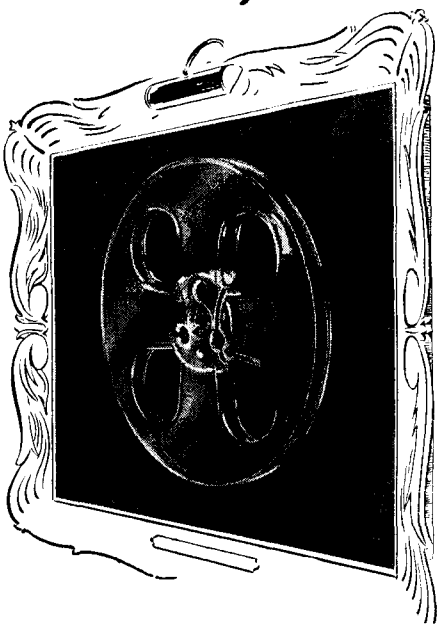

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Recordings Reports: Pre-recorded Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Dvorak: Slavonic Dance No. 8. Monti: Csardas, etc. Carmen Dragon conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. Capitol ZF-6. $14.95.	An energetically performed collection of seven well-worn Romany airs, bearing the jacket title of "Gypsy!" and including "Zigeunerweisen," "Dark Eyes," and the Hora Staccato, all gustily but not very sensitively turned out. Whether stereo's acute delineation makes this worth the price must depend on whether your concern is with musical values or sheer brilliance of reproduction.
Intro to Stereo: Art Gilmore, Narrator. Capitol ZA-1, $9.95.	A provocative sampler of the breadth and realism possible to the binaural medium, whose ability to locate both the source and direction of sounds is graphically illustrated by remarkably realistic aural "clips" capturing the sounds of a bowling alley, a Diesel engine, a subway train, etc. Excerpts from Capitol's popular catalogue further illustrate stereo's multi-dimensional properties and its close fidelity to living performance. A convincing demonstration package, if aural sensation is your aim.
Kern: "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Porter: "In the Still of the Night," etc. With Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians. Capitol ZD-12. $12.95.	This popular musical group also gets the "higher fi" treatment in Capitol's stereo taping of eleven familiar favorites. Waring's congenial arrangements and smooth choral passages emerge ingratiatingly in this two-channel version, which gives better definition to the choral plateaus than Capitol's discing of them. Clean, well-balanced recording.
Ravel: "Bolero." Rimsky-Korsakov: Capriccio Espagnol." Felix Slatkin conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. Capitol ZF-4. $14.95.	Ravel's rhythmic tour de force is a natural showpiece for stereo's vivid recreation of instrumental color and dynamic range, but for all its sensuosity it needs a high degree of musical intellection to evoke it properly. Slatkin has a rousing go at it, but his hand is a little heavy. The "Capriccio Espagnol" comes through with all its tonal glitter intact.
Rimsky-Korsakov: Suite from "Le Coq d'Or." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. RCA Victor CCS-40. $10.95.	Four tableaux from this satirical fairytale, which is far oftener heard on records than in the opera house. Fiedler brings his customary verve to the melodious, brilliantly orchestrated music, and the Boston ensemble considerable finesse to the prismatic palette. A technically clean engineering job presents the instrumental timbres purely, without background noise or textural muddiness.
Rossini: "William Tell" Overture. Tchaikovsky: "Marche Slave." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. RCA Victor BCS-41. $8.95.	This tape release of "Hi-Fi Fiedler," previously on LP, presents the redoubtable maestro in the full glory of stereophonic sound. That the experiment is justified is amply demonstrated by the wider tonal range thus made possible, and the concert hall immediacy of Fiedler's animated and forthright style. Quiet tape, good balance.
Schubert: "Ave Maria." Franck: "Panicus Angelicus," etc., sung by the Roger Wagner Chorale. Capitol ZF-9. $14.95.	As one would expect from this superb ensemble, it offers a finely-detailed, eloquent performance, richly deserving of stereo's expanded facility for recreating the sonority and definition of actual performance. Packaged as "House of the Lord," the eight works include the "Kol Nidre" and Malotte's setting of "The Lord's Prayer," all sung with characteristic finish and good taste. Stereo's pin-pointing of the solo voices against the rich choral tapestry is a further argument in its favor, despite the higher cost factor.
Shearing: "Black Satin," etc., with the George Shearing Quintet and Orchestra. Capitol ZC-13. $11.95.	Capitol takes the theory of "light summertime listening" anything but lightly, to judge by the percentage of popular music in its opening salvo of stereophonic tapes. Devotees of George Shearing's satiny stylings should be pleased with the added aural splendor of "Starlight Souvenirs" and "What Is There to Say," in addition to the title song and six others. The plushy strings and keyboard accents emerge vibrantly in the sharply focussed sound.
Strauss: Waltzes. Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. RCA Victor CCS-45. $10.95.	The art of making two tapes grow where only one disc grew before is a provocative corollary to present recording practices. Here, RCA's single disc of six waltzes by the Strauss family (LM 2028) has furnished melodies for two tapes, the present one of which contains "When the Citrons Bloom" and "One Thousand and One Nights" by Johann, Jr., and "Secret Attractions" by his brother Josef. Fiedler captures much of the music's sweetness and lilt in a good, live recording.
Tchaikovsky: "Capriccio Italien" (finale), and short pieces by seven other composers. Carmen Dragon conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. Capitol ZF-3. $14.95.	Attractively jacketed pot-pourri titled "L'Italia" and featuring such well-thumbed items as "Santa Lucia," "Come Back to Sorrento," and the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," all of which receive a straightforward, but rather coarse-grained performance. However, the aural richness of stereo may make them sufficiently beguiling to warrant the price differential between this taping and the corresponding LP (P-8351).
Tchaikovsky: Waltz from "The Sleeping Beauty," and dances by seven other composers. Felix Slatkin conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. Capitol ZF-5. $14.95.	A wide sampling, not so much of dance forms as of musical styles, ranging from Khatchaturian's "Sabre Dance" to Ravel's "Pavane for a Dead Princess," with lightsome examples from Grieg, Saint-Saens, Delibes and Kabalevsky. Slatkin's readings are appropriately lush, if a trifle ponderous, but the orchestral texture is rather too dense to show off adequately stereo's capacity for tonal definition.
Young: "Love is the Thing," etc. Nat "King" Cole singing nine romantic ballads, arranged and conducted by Gordon Jenkins. Capitol ZD-11. $12.95.	Intimacy is the essence of the Nat Cole vocal styling, and in these songs the winning Cole voice is almost palpably in the room. The illusion of perspective operates here, also, to place the soloist clearly forward of his discreet accompaniment. This, plus the clarity of reproduction, makes it possible to reduce the volume to a mere whisper and still lose nothing of "presence" or spatial relationships.
Stan Kenton in Hi-Fi; "Intermission Riff," etc. Capitol ZD-10. $12.95.	This transfer to tape of Capitol's popular jazz maestro should give fans on the Kenton Bandwagon some interesting moments of comparing the excellence of their idol in full-dimension stereo as against the far less costly discing of the same jump and riff tunes. —M. N.

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match Kell's peerless playing of this concerto with the Zimbler Sinfonietta on an earlier Decca LP (DL-7500). The unanimity and flow of fine collaboration is also missing from the rather constrained performance, although the tonal balance is good.

The tape, recorded at the Berkshire Festival, is clean in quality but tonally somewhat dull, and without the spaciousness identified with the best stereophonic efforts. Neither does it include the charming Quintet in A which formed the overside work on the $3.98 RCA disc.

An Eloquent Stokowski

THE ORCHESTRA: *Leopold Stokowski and orchestra.* Capitol stereo tape ZH-8, $16.95.

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI'S labors to expand the frontiers of sound ensure his vigorous support to any advance in sonic technology. It is not surprising, then, that he has now put the full battery of his orchestra resources at the service of stereophonic recording in an album for Capitol that is designed to exhibit the characteristics of the several orchestra sections with the veracity of live performance.

Recorded in New York and elaborately packaged, this draws upon attractive examples from Dukas (brass), Barber (strings), Richard Strauss (woodwinds), and Farberman (percussion) to illustrate each choir's peculiar properties. Further excerpts present them in combinations, as used by Vaughan Williams, Persichetti, Tchaikovsky, and Moussorgsky-Ravel.

There has been no mechanical heightening of effects; Stokowski's own conducting eloquence provides a full measure of ripe, but unforced, sonorities. All in all, the album makes an impressive showcase both for stereo and Stokowski. An accompanying brochure, helpfully illustrative, allows the music to speak for itself, without the irritation of repeated oral comment.

A British Prokofiev

PROKOFIEV: *Symphony No. 7. Nicolai Malko conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* RCA Victor stereo-orthophonic tape DCS-38, $12.95.

AFTER SO MANY YEARS of feeling obliged to seek an ideological basis in the music of any Soviet composer, even of the urbane Prokofiev, it is gratifying to listen to the Seventh Symphony's strong, unrhetorical discourse. Here, written in the full ripeness of his creative powers, is music of curiously disarmed, personal character, which still remains far less well known than it deserves to be.

Columbia's LP release of a few years ago with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (ML-4683) went some way toward remedying this situation, and still more recently RCA Victor released it on LP, along with the First Symphony, recording both in England with Malko and the Philharmonia Orchestra (LM-2092). Now, separately packaged, both have been added to RCA's catalogue of stereo tapes.

As in its LP incarnation, the Seventh Symphony in stereo affirms the proficiency of British engineers by its freedom from extraneous noise and its fine audial balance. Too, the sound is more live, the sonorities fuller, the orchestral timbres more explicit. These are sensory, not musical, considerations; it is only when they serve to enrich an already sensitized performance that one need feel grateful for the expanded tonal spectrum stereo can offer over single channel recording. Inasmuch as Malko's leisurely reading mirrors much of the music's own inner assurance, this would seem to be such an instance.

—MILDRED NORTON.

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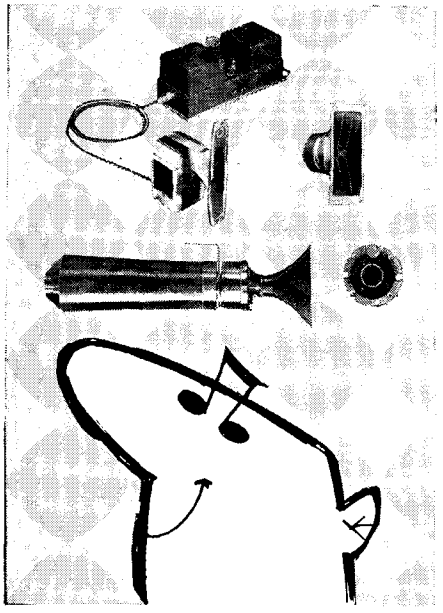

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Trombonology

THERE can be little doubt that the instrumental technique most elaborately developed by jazz has been that of the slide trombone. Jazz players have discovered a wide variety of characters in the horn. Big Green used it to make muted satirical comments behind the blues singing of Bessie Smith. Tricky Sam Nanton sprayed an incomparably rhythmic steam through the Duke Ellington orchestra. Tommy Dorsey sang high and purely on the horn. Miff Mole used it for the flexible projection of his intricately lovely melodic lines.

The jazz players have been able to do this through a host of technical experiments. Simply because they wanted to, they raised the slide action to high velocities, thus greatly increasing the fast staccato possibilities of the horn. They soared into the upper registers of the instrument by persistent development of embouchure (the relationship between lips, tongue and mouthpiece). They exploited lip-slurring to the point where the best of them can toss up jets of tones with the utmost liquid facility. They tried ranges of tone from the bodilessly pure to the snide and impudent, and in doing so used several kinds of mute. As with other jazz instrumentalists, they often *vocalized* their horns, playing with personal inflections and vibrato, singing, so to speak, a personal instrumental song.

It will be apparent from all this that modern jazz procedure for the slide trombone is often far from so-called "legitimate" teaching, which calls for pure, even tone production and frowns on vibrato. The result is that we have in the hands of the better jazz men a virtually new slide trombone which, however, can still be called upon for its classic duties.

A company of modern virtuosi are to be heard on three recent LPs dedicated to trombonology. All three feature slide trombone solo and section work against rhythm sections.

"Trombone Panorama" by the Kai Winding Septet (Columbia CL 999) has trombonists Winding, Carl Fontana, Wayne Andre, and bass trombonist Dick Lieb.

"Trombones" (Savoy MG-12086) has Bennie Powell, Henry Coker, Jimmy Cleveland, Bill Hughes, and the remarkable jazz flutist Frank Wess (the contrast between his gaily syncopated piping and the brass is delightful).

"Trombone Scene" (Vik LX-1087) offers Jimmy Cleveland, Urbie Green, Eddie Bert, Frank Rehack, Sonny Russo, Willie Dennis, Jimmy Knepper, and Tommy Mitchell.

Space does not encourage any detailed comment on this galaxy. There is elegant playing on all three records, with the palms going perhaps to Kai Winding, Bennie Powell, and Urbie Green. But I think something might be said about modern trombone tendencies as revealed here. By the very nature of its design, one of the glories of the slide trombone is the slide. It makes possible a whole subtle vocabulary of glissandi, of little slides and slurs and semi-tones, of musical innuendi, which have been a great part of the personalized music of jazz. Every great jazz trombonist from Miff Mole to Jay Jay Johnson has used the slide with a mastery of its nuances. Now when, as is so often the case today, players devote themselves to rapid staccato inventions, they inevitably turn their backs to a degree on the slippery spirit of their horn. They are getting around so fast that they must jump rather than slide. In terms of expressiveness they must shout rather than hint. A great deal of delicate discourse is going out of modern jazz trombone playing (indeed, many players, for the sake of fast execution, have switched to the valve trombone, which eliminates the slide altogether).

And this is only the negative side of the criticism I wish to make of the modern school. The fact is that even if the slide is betrayed, the slide remains there. The player may be bent on minimizing slide effects with his staccato brilliance, but he must work with the slide, and the slide trombone is simply not, in essence, as fast an instrument as the keyed horns. The result is that a great many of the more ambitious modern solos, brilliant as their execution may be, have a taint of the awkward, the cumbersome, the rhythmically stiff. They lack the easy genius of great jazz. And so the modern trombone virtuoso often becomes such with a loss of both the fluency of slide expression and the proper fluency of jazz rhythm. The trombone itself can't complain, but devotees of what used to be called the sliphorn will.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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THE OTHER SIDE

THE WAY THE ENGLISH WIND BLOWS

LONDON.

HOLIDAY time is upon us, music festivals and summer schools beckon on all sides, and several of our biggest record factories have closed their doors for two weeks so that their hard-worked staffs may take a well-earned rest. Alone among the "big four," Philips has lifted the veil on future plans, and has made it clear that "value for money" will remain a principal plank in its platform. In furtherance of this aim, the company is to launch towards the end of this month a new label: the twelve-inch LP "Favorite Music Series," which is a natural sequel to the highly successful ten-inch series bearing the same name. These discs will cost about $1 less than normal twelve-inch LPs, they will be glamorously packaged (with their covers graced by pin-up girls rather than less photogenic composers or performers), yet the initial release shows serious musical purpose since it contains mainly standard classics performed by celebrity artists. There exists, in this country, a time-honored tradition differentiating between "celebrity" and "popular price" labels but, whereas with EMI we used to have "red-label" and "plum-label" artists, Philips ignores such class-distinctions and is quite prepared to offer us the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under Mitropoulos and Szell or the Philadelphia under Ormandy at "plum-label" prices in the interests of competitive trading.

The 1957 Glyndebourne season, which is about to conclude with a television performance of "Le Comte Ory," has not perhaps proved as notable as some of its predecessors—partly, no doubt, because this was the first year without any of Mozart's Italian operas. Only "Die Zauberflöte" and "Die Entführung" were retained from last year's bicentenary festival, while "Der Schauspieldirektor" was produced by way of curtain-raiser for Strauss's "Ariadne." Rossini's delicious "L'Italiana in Algeri" was the only major addition to the repertoire—the fourth opera by this composer which Gui has brought to Sussex during the past few years—though the Gui/Ebert/Lancaster staging of Verdi's "Falstaff" had previously only been seen at the Edinburgh Festival. Among the singers of the current season, I should like to single out the impressive Hungarian basso Mihaly Szekely, whose Sarastro and Osmin both had rare authority; Elisabeth Söderström, whose ardent portrayal of the composer in "Ariadne" almost consoled one for the absence of Sena Jurinac (who, in seven years at Glyndebourne, had won all our hearts); Oralia Dominguez who, with her lovely mezzo voice and irrepressible personality, gave us enormous pleasure as "L'Italiana" and Mistress Quickly; and our own Geraint Evans, who has now grown into an operatic artist of the very front rank, and who crowned all his achievements (including Leporello, Papageno, and Beckmesser) with a superb Falstaff.

Glyndebourne is not taking part in this year's Edinburgh Festival, opening on August 18. Instead, operatic fare will be provided by the company of the "Piccola Scala" (Milan), and among the artists participating in performances of "La Sonnambula," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Il Turco in Italia," and "Il Matrimonio Segreto" are Maria Callas, Rosanna Carteri, Eugenia Ratti, Graziella Sciutti, di Stefano, Monti, Alva, Bruscantini, Calabrese, Corena, and Zaccaria, while Votto, Gavazzeni, and Sanzogno share the musical direction.

Wagnerites have had a lean summer so far, but on September 25 Covent Garden embarks on the first of two "Ring" cycles, directed by Rudolf Kempe, in which Birgit Nilsson will make her London debut as Brünnhilde alongside such familiar favorites as Hotter, Vinay, Windgassen, Witte, Kraus, and Sylvia Fisher.

Another new Verdi production scheduled for the coming season is "Don Carlos" and this is to be conducted by Carlo-Maria Giulini with, it is hoped, Christoff and Gobbi in the cast; operas to be revived include "Elektra," with Goltz in the title-rôle and Aase Nordmo-Lövberg making her Covent Garden debut as Chrysothemis, and "Peter Grimes" (with Pears and Fisher), which will also be recorded in its entirety at the same time. In addition, there is also a distinct possibility that we shall see the new Poulenc opera, "Les Dialogues des Carmélites," before the year is out, and last, but by no means least, I ought to mention that, for next spring, we are promised a tenor new to London who has, I am told, made quite a name for himself in the United States: Richard Tucker.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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It was the evening of March third, 1956. As Conductor Enrique Jordá strode to the podium at San Francisco's Opera House, an expectant hush fell over the audience.

Conductor Jordá bowed, and turned to face the world-renowned San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. The baton rose, held momentarily, and descended with a gesture of sweeping authority to command the presentation of the Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro."

It was a brilliant performance, and as the audience was soon to discover, a historic one. Part way through, a strange and surprising thing happened. The conductor put down his baton, and the musicians laid aside their instruments, *but the music played on!*

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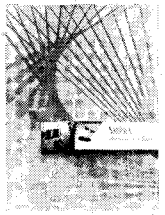

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Continued from page 34

poles of the "Ring" (and the two split personalities of the German nation)—Wotan being the cunning "homo political," Siegfried the idealistic hero. "Wotan is a real despot who is driven into perdition by his lust for power. He's the dirty one-eye type who functions only with the help of Brünnhilde, and when he exiles her at the end of 'Walküre,' he's finished." To make matters worse, however, Siegfried, the hero, gradually changes from a naive fool into a smart crook when he commits perjury in "Götterdämmerung," There are other shocking moments. The Nibelungs in "Rheingold" are no longer dwarf-like monsters, but tortured concentration-camp inmates. In the wonderful second act of "Götterdämmerung," which Wieland turns into Shakespearean drama of action and suspense, Hagen manipulates the brutal, stupid mob as Himmler manipulated his SS *Männer*, while Gunther and Gutrune stand by, a bunch of real cheats. The only great figure that emerges from this unappetizing cast of supermen and women is Brünnhilde, who atones for Wotan's perfidy and becomes a Goethe-like figure, "Das Ewig Weibliche." It is a stunning, courageous conception and doubtless a pity that not many Germans can see themselves in Wieland's mirror. But, then, they wouldn't recognize themselves. People never do.

Wieland's "Meistersinger" production that created such a controversy last year has mellowed and is now a masterpiece of atmosphere, charm, and humor. The kidney-shaped floor in the second act has become a lovely garden in front of Sachs's house, there is plenty of lilac hanging in the air, and in the rear there appear dimly, in impressionistic light-blue, the houses of Nürnberg. It is the most poetic second act I've ever seen.

The greatest Bayreuth production was, and still is, Wieland's "Parsifal," left unchanged since it was first produced in 1950. It is a deeply stirring non-denominational religious service. As musical theatre it is sheer perfection. What Wieland achieves with an empty stage, a cyclorama, and a few lights is magic and a lesson to stage designers and producers everywhere. The mystic mood of the opening forest scene; the great transformation scene; Amfortas's torments in front of the Grail; Klingsor caught in his net; the poetry of the flower maiden scene; the Good Friday mystery—perfect miracles painted in light, the

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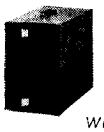

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lights synchronized to the music. There is stark drama in the mass scenes. When one remembers the cumbersome, monotonous, boring "Parsifal" productions elsewhere, one feels admiration for the deeply impressive and superbly simple solutions of Wieland Wagner. The precision of the chorus scenes is astonishing; the mutiny of the knights against Amfortas is a bewildering study in stylized drama. The main parts are beautifully sung and realized (it would be wrong to call it "acted," because they all behave like real human beings). George London is a tortured, suffering Amfortas, Vinay a completely believable Parsifal. Varnay, Greindl, and Blankenheim were admirable as Kundry, Gurnemanz, and Klingsor respectively. The performance I heard was conducted by Cluytens, who shares this year's "Parsifal" performances with Knappertsbusch, the Old Master. Cluytens paints with music as Wieland paints with light (Cluytens's "Meistersinger" are romantic, poetic, un-German) but I would have preferred Kna's "Parsifal," which has more depth, greater scope, and deeper suffering.

THE new production this year was Wolfgang's "Tristan and Isolde." "Tristan" has always been a problem on the Bayreuth stage which is usually inhabited by gods and heroes, and not used to human beings (or what Grandfather considered human beings). There is little action in "Tristan" (which Richard Wagner called an "opera for Italians") but plenty of emotion. It seemed that Wolfgang and his conductor, Wolfgang Sawallisch, the thirty-five-year-old *Generalmusikdirektor* from Aachen and the most talked-about new conductor in Europe, had set out to do with as little emotion as possible, letting the score speak for itself. It was a modern "Tristan" for modern audiences who don't like to be shocked for six hours of ecstatic emotion. But it is almost impossible to produce a "subdued" "Tristan," and there were long stretches of boredom. The first-act set—a sort of painter's study or bathroom with pearl-gray Nylon curtains—underscored the sober mood. The lights were bright, not sickly, and there was no erotic atmosphere after the Liebestrank. The second- and third-act sets were effective, the main requisite being a rounded wall. The "dreary day," when King Marke appears, was a deeply depressing sight.

Vocally, this was certainly the finest "Tristan and Isolde" that can be assembled today. Birgit Nilsson has the healthy, well controlled, high voice for the vocal ordeal of Isolde but she is unable to convey warmth and emotional suspense, without which there can be no real Isolde. Grace Hoffman sang Brangäne; her phrasing and style were impeccable, though I was a little bothered by the similarity of the two women's voices. The finest performance was Windgassen's Tristan: noble in bearing and gesture, beautifully singing, never straining, an outstanding job. Arnold van Mill sang Marke with restrained emotion—he was a youthful Marke, not much older than Tristan, which makes the conflict more dramatic—and Neidlinger was a robust Kurwenal, minus beard, of course. Sawallisch's reading of the score was distinguished by flawless taste and musical maturity. He kept away from both Furtwängler's "symphonic" and de Sabata's "ecstatic" approach and steered a well-tempered, lucid middle course. This "Tristan" had no breathtaking climaxes but it was clear and beautiful. The orchestra—made up from members of the leading orchestras in Eastern and Western Germany—had a perfectly blended, mellow sound in the acoustically incomparable house that Grandfather built.

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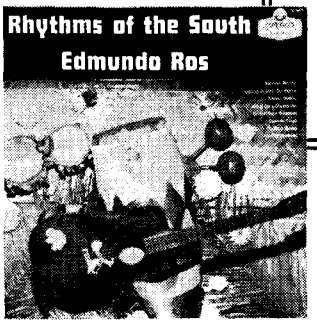

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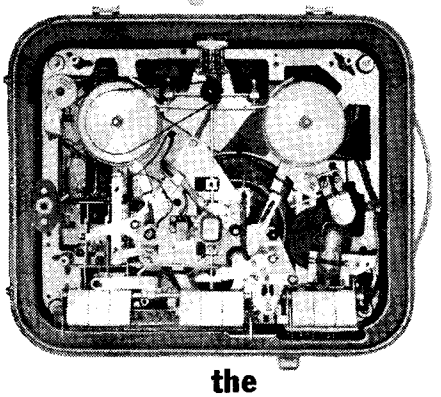

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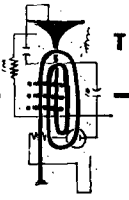

THE JAZZ MAINSTREAM

The Search for Plateaus

THIS has been a relatively munificent month for that doughty, heretical band of jazz record collectors who are moved and renewed by country blues as well as by Thelonious Monk blues, by Coleman Hawkins as well as Sonny Rollins. These are the empiricists to whom perhaps Ralph Gleason of *Down Beat* and the *San Francisco Chronicle* was referring slightingly when he wrote in a recent, alarmingly myopic review that Roy Eldridge, forty-six, was one of those aging jazzmen "left stranded on a plateau which they reached when it was important to get there. But now the mainstream of history has gone on by, and they are talking in the language of another era to an ever-diminishing audience." Lost in limbo, apparently, alongside Mozart, Leadbelly, and generations of *flamenco* singers.

For other listeners than Mr. Gleason I would recommend a large, heartening experience in "Cootie and Rex in the Big Challenge" (Jazztone J1268). George Simon, coach for this mail order jazz adjunct of Crowell-Collier, gathered yeasayers Cootie Williams, Rex Stewart, Coleman Hawkins, Bud Freeman, Lawrence Brown, and J. C. Higginbotham (over forty all) and presented them with relative freedom to joust in aggressive amicability. Their voices remain viable, virile, and musically unstranded.

Even farther back in tradition than the presences on the Jazztone session is the harsh memory of Blind Willie Johnson, who died in 1949, was born in 1900 in Texas, and walked the streets of that state a goodly portion of his life. He sang fierce religious blues that are centuries-rooted in the desperate beginnings of African religious and musical transformations of already multicultural American material. Six of the fifteen rare and angrily fervent records (there is one secular blues) Blind Willie made for Columbia between 1927 and 1930 are contained on the second side of "Blind Willie Johnson" (Folkways FG 3585). A bonus in *Angst* are tracks by Blind Lemon Jefferson and Blind Boy Fuller, who also walked with their music. The first side is a documentary of a 1954 search for and discovery of the death of Blind Willie by Samuel B. Charters and his wife. There are interviews with elder itinerants and with Blind Willie's widow, Angeline, whose account of her courtship of Blind Willie is as chucklingly loving and contagiously gladdening as any romance in our literature. Mr. Charters has written an absorbing, detailed booklet with illustrations by Ernest York that Willie might have felt had he had sight.

It's uncommon to find a white Mississippian, not yet thirty, who is a modern pianist influenced by Al Haig and Thelonious Monk with a B.A. in English from Louisiana State University and who is not abashed to sing the blues. Mose Allison's blues singing is sparely arresting, more so to this listener than his composing or playing as yet. One half his first album. "Back Country Suite" (Prestige 7091) is concerned with the ten-part "suite." He terms the work a "fiction of the back country" and adds fairly evocative titles for the various sections like "New Ground" and "Promised Land." There are areas of naivete in the writing, but several sections are touching and deserve further development. The overquick descriptiveness of this too-crowded set of memories lessens the earthy potential of some of the parts. Allison sings one blues in the "Suite" and another on the other side. The second half, for the rest, is filled with competent modern jazz piano with not nearly as much pungency of personality as the Allison blues singing and the idea of the suite promise. He is, however, worth encouraging.

TURNING full-freshet into modern jazz, there is an album on the Signal label which announces the valued return to activity of this small, discerning firm. "Cecil Payne" (Signal S1203) represents the most satisfying playing yet recorded by the thirty-four-year-old baritone saxist of the title. Payne's playing experience dates from the vintage bop days of the mid-1940s, and he probably enjoyed his most consistent renown to date during a 1946-49 stay with the Dizzy Gillespie big band. His previous performances have sometimes been marred by a hesitancy in execution, ragged conception, and unpredictable tone; but in this collection his sound is large and muscular while his ideas are logical, personal and airily (for a baritone) integrated. His rhythm section contains the growingly authoritative young drummer, Arthur Taylor; bassist Tommy Potter, another primary modernist who deserves more recog-

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nition; and the surprisingly neglected pianist, Duke Jordan, one of the few of Bud Powell's generation to have evolved his own style. It is marked by conceptual concision, harmonic freshness, usually relaxed pulsation, and a singing piano sound. Added to these four on the second side is the swift, assured, nearly liquid trumpet of Kenny Dorham, yet another old grad of the polemical 1940s.

A rather new addition to modern jazz instrumentation but not alien to the history of the hospitable idiom is the accordion. The two most convincing jazz energizers of the instrument are the Dutch-born Mat Mathews and Chicogoan Leon Sash. The latter can be prodigiously inventive, but in "The Leon Sash Quartet" (Storyville STLP 917) he is constricted by tight, brittle arrangements in which he is joined by bass, drums, and a multiple reedman. He is nonetheless a phenomenon to hear, especially if your previous accordion-orientation is largely derived from *bal musette* bands. Mat Mathews is heard most recently in "Wild Kitten" (Dawn 1118) in much looser, more flowing circumstances with drummer Shadow Wilson, alternating bassists Oscar Pettiford and Whitey Mitchell and the fluent guitarist, Joe Puma, whose date this is and whose last name is the tangled reason for the silly title of the album. More and more jazz sets are being packaged like slightly disreputable perfumes.

The accordion is also heard in a few of the interstices between the busy writing of a Juilliard-trained Canadian whose first album is "The Canadian Scene Via Phil Nimmons" (Verve MG V-8025). Nimmons, who is also a classical composer, is never especially piercing but is occasionally engaging as in "Muggs," which has the springy humor of a modern Lunceford. His work is neat, sometimes perilously close to rhetoric as in much of his ballad writing, but usually projects a bursting, saving energy. It is good to hear some contemporary Canadian jazz, and the jazz labels ought to investigate Mr. Nimmons's fellow-townsman of Toronto, Norman Symonds. Nowhere on the Nimmons record or in the notes, incidentally, is there any indication of the instrumentation of Mr. Nimmons's group or the identities of his colleagues. Norman Granz, head of careless, prolific Verve owes, I would think, the several superior artists he has under contract a resolution to undertake an intensive course in the supervision and production of jazz albums from either Nesuhi Ertegun of Atlantic Records or Richard Bock of Pacific Jazz. No catalogue in the record business is, for the most part, as amateurishly slapped together as Verve's. —Nat Hentoff.

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CANDLELIGHT
Candlelight; You Stepped Out of a Dream; Blue Fantasy; Merry Go Round; Stradivarius; Gold and Silver Waltz; and 6 others. LL1502

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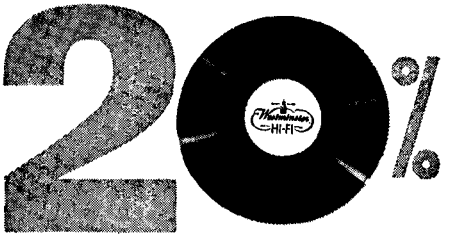

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

HOW LONG?

How much longer must we wait for a complete recording of Verdi's "Macbeth" in Italian? And preferably with Callas.

W. Howard Johnson.

Bay St. Louis, Miss.

WHERE'S GIUSEPPE?

Thanks to London Records for the new Tebaldi recording of songs and arias. What a beautiful voice! How about a recording of operatic arias by the best of all Italian tenors, Giuseppe de Stefano? Long overdue, *n'est ce pas?*

Minnie Morris Huggins.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

A VALENTINE FOR "HUGUENOTS"

There has been discussion lately of a recording of "Les Huguenots," with several casts suggested. If any *SR* readers have visited Belgium lately, they may have heard at the Ghent Opera a most remarkable young soprano, Huberte Vecray, who has already sung Valentine with great success. What a pity she cannot be heard in a French-language recording of Meyerbeer's opera, and perhaps also as Selika in "L'Africaine."

H. Mackell.

Hollywood, Calif.

WHERE'S INA?

May I suggest that RCA Victor, in its current rash of recital issues on Camden, has overlooked an artist far more worthy than some so honored? The recorded output of Ina Souez, although admittedly not large, is almost unique in its uniform excellence.

Admirers of the artistry of Miss Souez, and I'm sure they are legion, might be interested in the complete "Ernani, involami" scene, the first half of which you so wisely chose for "Fifty Years of Great Operatic Singing." The Victor vaults also contain a notable "Casta Diva" and several other interesting items, including, if memory serves, "Vissi d'arte." Some of these recordings have doubtless served as models, or should have, for many of the younger singers now before us.

C. V. Steiner.

San Francisco, Calif.

NOT OUT OF SIGHT

The other day I dropped into a local record shop and found about $20 worth of records that I would probably be willing to buy, but not without hearing them, and I didn't have time to listen there. I shocked the owner by asking if I could take them home. Of course not, sorry, he replied.

The next day I was with an automobile salesman in a car that costs nearly $6,000; he let me drive it and he would have been willing for me to take it for a day or so. The danger to an auto on the road is 10,000 times greater than the danger to records, but no automobile firm in the world would suggest to prospective buyers that they could drive the car, but not out of the showroom.

I would buy many more records, and I believe that applies to others, but for the difficulties. Not only is it the problem of time, but the confusion and difficulty of properly hearing a good record with popular music being played all around. The record people, who are not willing to trust a $4.95 record out of their sight, might learn something from the automobile dealer.

Cass Cullis, *Editor*,
The Bryan Times.

Bryan, O.

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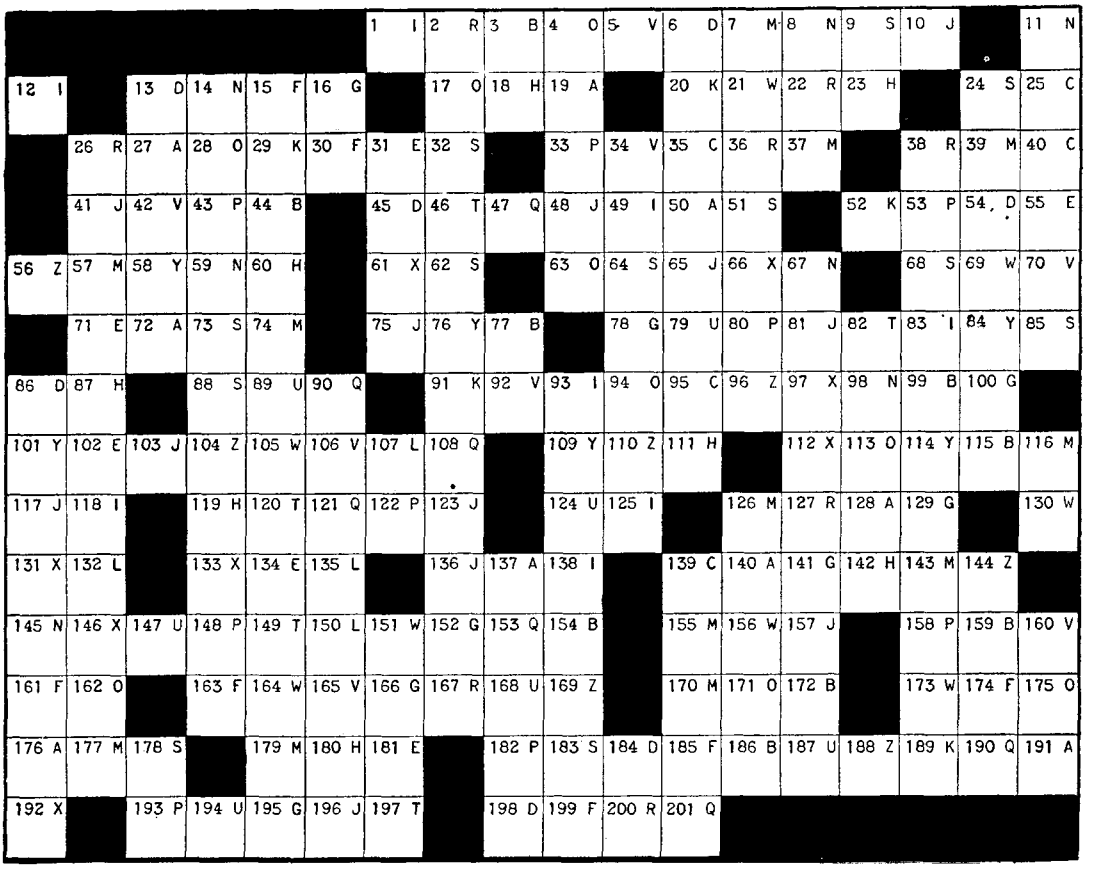
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Assumed name of Word D (French literature).	128 27 19 137 50 140 176 191 72
B. Without preparation.	44 186 115 77 154 3 159 99 172
C. England's most famous cricket ground.	95 25 35 40 139
D. Real surname of the criminal in Word A.	6 45 54 13 86 198 184
E. Hurt suffered by person or thing.	55 31 71 134 102 181
F. Person with inferior standards of living and behavior (familiar wd., but not in Webster).	15 163 199 161 30 174 185
G. Mode of marching by a body of men keeping as close together as possible (2 wds.).	195 152 141 100 166 16 129 78
H. Soaring, esp. in spirit.	111 60 87 142 119 180 18 23
I. Hairdo.	83 12 1 118 125 49 138 93
J. A color, bluish-red, faded-looking (3 wds.).	48 123 136 196 75 65 117 41 103 81 157 10
K. Pseudonym of John Wilson, author of most of the "Noctes Ambrosianae" (1785-1854).	91 52 29 189 20
L. Substance of caviar.	132 107 150 135
M. Every conceivable situation, esp. obstacles great and small (3 wds.).	155 126 7 177 74 116 39 179 170 37 57 143

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. The view, prospect.	14 59 11 145 98 8 67
O. European fifteen-spined stickleback (*Spinachia spinachia*)	17 162 94 4 28 175 113 63 171
P. Scene of recent triumphs by "the great Althea."	158 148 193 53 33 122 43 80 182
Q. "They hadn't any feet" acc'g to "The Walrus and the Carpenter."	153 201 108 121 190 90 47
R. A kind of Renaissance Italian pottery, or modern imitation.	2 200 26 127 22 167 36 38
S. "Hindsight."	68 62 24 178 73 85 88 183 9 32 64 51
T. Friend'y goblin in Scandinavian barns.	149 120 46 197 82
U. Eburnean.	194 147 124 79 187 89 168
V. Cherished.	106 34 5 165 42 160 92 70
W. Warning signal of the motorist (2 wds. not in Webster together).	21 164 130 173 156 105 151 69
X. Author of standard work on navigation (1773-1838).	133 61 97 112 146 192 66 131
Y. Outcome.	84 101 114 76 58 109
Z. Set aside in favor of something else.	188 110 169 104 56 96 144

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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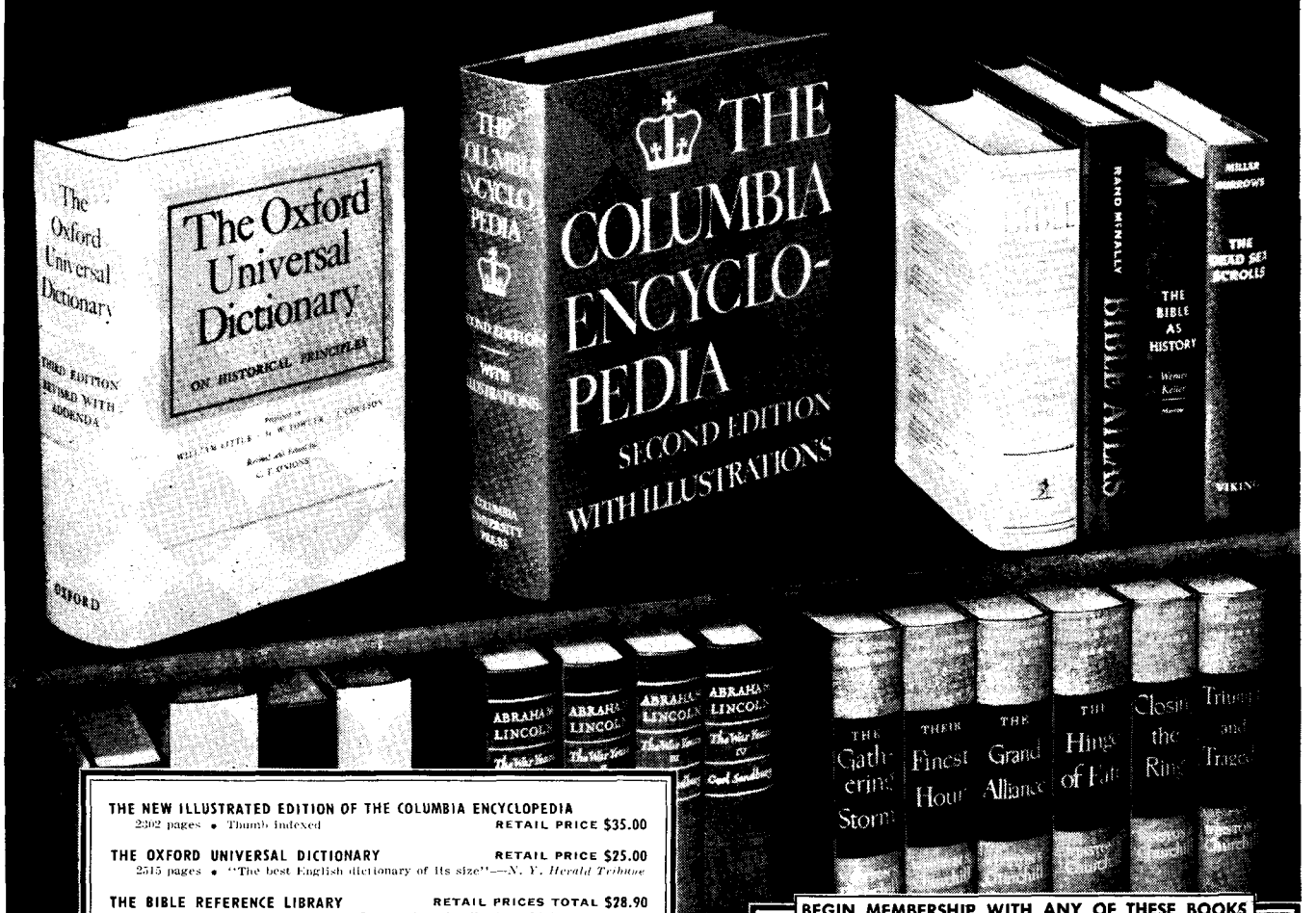

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